

the **LINK**

*December 1963*

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

OUR NATION UNDER GOD

SPIRITUAL INVENTORY

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





## Christmas Greetings from THE LINK Staff

We greet you in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior, whose incarnation we celebrate at Christmas. The Wise Men of old followed his Star and they found the Savior and worshiped him and gave gifts. In a symbolic sense, that same Star can guide us in these bewildering days. Its five points may denote: joy, faith, hope, peace and life! It beckons. Follow the Star of Bethlehem this Christmas and throughout the year.

A. Ray Appelquist, Executive Editor. Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor.  
Irene Murray, Asst. Editor. Isabel Senar, Circulation Manager.  
Eleanor H. McLean, Editorial Assistant.



# THE LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 21 • DECEMBER 1963 • NO. 12

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## COVERS

Front: A modern madonna whose husband is in military service.

Back: Artist's concept of the Madonna Mary and her child.

Inside Front: We greet you this blessed Christmas season. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Aren't they darlings? Note the boy on the left with three teeth missing. Wonder what he wants for Christmas? Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Front and back covers and story illustrations by James Talone. Occasional spots by Volk.

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# SOUND OFF

## Top Drawer Magazine

THE LINK continues to be a top drawer magazine, one that we should never be without. I can't imagine any chaplain fund not having assets to subscribe to the best periodical for Protestant military personnel.

Too many other periodicals have an undertone that teach that security comes only from strength of arms. Despair and discouragement can easily follow delight and daring when our hope rests in missiles and men. Our faith has probably been fitful and faulty—now is the time to make it firm and full. THE LINK helps us to be servants of keen vision, keyed vigilance and kingly valor. Keep it coming.

Your fellow foot soldier of the invincible Christ.

—A. E. K. Brenner, Ch, Lt Col, USAF, 7272d Air Base Wing (USAF Weapons Center), USAF, APO 231, New York, N.Y.

## Likes "The Struggle for the World"

We have just received the copies of July LINK. I have read and enjoyed very much the fine article, "The Struggle for the World." This type of writing is appreciated for distribution.

—Joseph C. Elmer, VA Hospital, Spokane, Washington.

## Continue Fine Work

Enclosed is a check for \$2.50. Please send THE LINK to my father for one year. . . . Thank you very much and continue the fine work with THE LINK.

—Mrs. James B. Baker, Hq. C.C.A., 4th A.D., APO 35, New York, N.Y.

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Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.50 a year; \$2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington 2, D.C.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.





## WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

By Ralph W. Sockman

**I**N one of Phillips Brooks's Christmas carols are these lines:

The earth has grown old with its  
burden of care  
But at Christmas it always is young.

Christmas was the brightest red of the red-letter days of my boyhood. I daresay Christmas carries most of us back to thrills which have seemingly lost some of their throb. And some are prone to say that Christmas is primarily a festival for children. We adults look on at the exciting joy of the little ones. We join in their carols. We decorate our homes. We exchange gifts and cards. We give our parties and make merry, yet despite all the "trimmings" many look back longingly to the expectancy and enthusiasm of their childhood Christmases and wish they could recover them.

Nevertheless, we cannot apply to Christmas the words of The Apostle Paul: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man I gave up childish ways." We cannot give up the merry mood of Christmas. The throb of excitement may not be so marked, but the pulse can still be felt. Something surges through our natures which warms the heart and quickens the imagination, which gives a lilt to our words and a lift to our thoughts, which reopens springs of kindness in unexpected places and rekindles sleeping fires of friendships, which puts a brightness in dull eyes and hangs a wreath of smiles around tired lips. The word Christmas starts the sound of music which falls on our minds and hearts like the merry tinkle of bells.

The holy season of our Lord's

birth is celebrated at the close of our calendar year. We picture Father Time with a beard and sickle. But we think of the Bethlehem Babe and our hearts become young.

### Stirring Our Wonder

For one thing, Christmas renews our youth by stirring our *wonder*. The capacity for wonder has been called our most pregnant human faculty for out of it are born our art, our science, our religion.

There are some wonders which grow with our own mental growth, and some which we outgrow. On December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright made the first flight in a power-driven airplane. So unbelievable did their achievement seem at that time that many newspapers were unwilling to risk their reputation by publishing the report. In 1943 there was planned a celebration to observe the fortieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' amazing feat. A storm swept North Carolina. And on an inside page of a New York newspaper appeared a little item to this effect: "Kitty Hawk celebration cancelled by blizzard." And today with our jet planes we have almost forgotten the Kitty Hawk so-called "miracle" of 1903.

But can you think of a Christmas season being cancelled by a blizzard? There is a childhood wonder aroused by Christmas and it is beautiful to behold. The eyes of little children widen with wonder as they hear the story that never grows old—of shepherds watching their flocks by night, of Joseph and Mary,

of the inn and the stable, of the Magi and their gifts. And this childhood wonder need not be lost if we look more deeply into the stories of the Nativity. These are not mere lovely nursery tales. They are the revelations of truths deeper than surface facts.

Personally, the wonder of Christmas grows on me the more I ponder it. To be sure, we have borrowed many features of our festival from pagan sources—the yule log from the "jól" of Iceland, the fir tree from pre-Christian Germany, the mistletoe from pre-Christian England and our jolly Saint Nicholas from Holland.

But admitting all this, Christmas does not seem to me a synthetic festival artificially concocted from pagan elements to preserve a Christian ceremony. Nay, rather the thing which impresses me is that the event of a Nazarene carpenter's birth should have the power to draw to itself the hopes and joys and ceremonies of all the various pagan lands. It is as if there were lying around the distraught old world a lot of dreams and hopes, begotten by man's longing for more light and life. And then when Jesus came, he was like a divine magnet let down to earth and drawing to himself the unrealized hopes of the races and ages.

Phillips Brooks was right when he sang of Bethlehem:

Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

Into that stable went a carpenter from Nazareth and his wife, heavy with child. But that stable door was hung on the hinge of history. Out of it came a child who was to be called the Master Teacher of all time, the Great Physician, the Son of God. Out of that manger came a religious movement which has enlisted over 600,000,000 followers, belted the globe with its messengers, begotten multitudes of martyrs willing to give all for their faith, built uncounted churches and cathedrals, brought the light of learning to illiterate savages, erected hundreds of thousands of high schools and colleges, inspired the finest art and architecture, added billions of years to millions of people through better health, kept the light of love and hope alight in hearts and homes that were breaking, turned the sunsets of the dying into the dawns of assurance. Such is the enduring wonder of Bethlehem and it makes our hearts grow younger.

### A Time of Glory

In the Christmas story a second note which is struck loud and long is that of *glory to God*. In the account of the shepherds the record begins: "And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them."

And after the heavenly message announcing the birth of a Savior in the City of David, came the angelic chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased."

Then after the shepherds have visited the Bethlehem manger, Luke



reports that "the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen."

What do these words "glory" and "glorify" mean? That is the question which Alice in Wonderland put to Humpty-Dumpty. She said, "I don't know what you mean by 'glory.'" Humpty-Dumpty smiled contemptuously and said: "Of course you don't till I tell you." He went on: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

And so often the word "glory" means nothing much at all. In religious circles it is often regarded as an emotional word empty of thought content.

But our religious faith is not very vital unless it moves us with feelings which "break through language and escape." And the word "glory" connotes to me a concept of greatness

and goodness and gratitude for which verbal definitions do not seem adequate. When King David had collected riches for his longed-for temple and then turned them over to his son, Solomon, he looked up before the great assembly and cried, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory." When the psalmist contemplated the Lord entering his beloved Zion, he sang:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,  
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting  
doors;  
And the King of glory shall come in.

And when we close our Lord's Prayer, we do so on a crescendo of praise: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

If we have allowed the word "glory" to become an empty, effervescing, frothy word, we have fallen far short of our true Christian faith. The first question in the Shorter Catechism was: "What is the chief end of man?" The answer: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

To glorify God means, to quote Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, "to get self out of the picture and only to desire that God should be recognized as the source of all achievement and the good of all desire; to long to know God better, not for what we can get out of Him . . . but only that His nature should be more fully known to men, and all that men are and can be should be caught up into His life."

We are so obsessed with our own struggles and worries that we have

enthroned man instead of God and tend to say: "God's chief end is to glorify man and support him forever." In our attempts to make religion popular and appealing, we are confusing the main product with by-products. In industry by-products are often valuable. So, also, in religion, better behavior, peace of mind, the reform of evils—these are all valuable by-products of our faith, but the chief end of man is to glorify God. And we need to get back to this truth in order to renew the original spirit of our Christian faith.

### The Joy of Christmas

And along with wonder and glory a third note in the Christmas event helps our hearts to feel young. This is the note of *joy*. The opening message to the shepherds was: "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people."

The secret of the joy at Bethlehem did not lie on the surface. The setting was certainly joyless. Joseph and Mary set out for Bethlehem, summoned by a tax decree. If anything is designed to take the joy out of living, it is a tax notice! The humble couple, weary from travel, was turned away from the inn. Their lodging was a lowly stable. And lurking in the background was a bloody and jealous Herod watching for a chance to kill a possible rival. Yet despite all these hard and cruel features, the total impression of Bethlehem is one of gladness. The adoration of the shepherds, the gifts of the Magi, the protecting love of Joseph and the brooding tenderness

of Mary, all combine to give a glow which makes us forget the hard conditions and to feel the goodness of God and his creatures.

Songs greeted the birth of our Savior. And in our celebrations of his birthday we burst into song. Christianity is a religion of song. Hinduism with all its beautiful meditations has no "Gloria." Buddhism and Confucianism with many wise counsels have no Hallelujah Chorus. But Jesus Christ, from his birth to his resurrection, revealed God's love, and when we feel it our lips break forth in song.

Maybe some may think it is man's love of music which has kept Christmas going. To be sure, we can work up a feeling of good cheer by song-fests, especially if we add the artificial stimulants common to Christmas parties. But as Dean Lynn Harold Hough has pointed out, there is a deep difference between making

merry without a Savior and entering into the joy about a Savior. There is a difference between "getting a kick" and experiencing true joy.

The joy of this holy season is the glow which comes from getting out of "the thick of thin things" and back into the simple and genuine things. It is the joy that comes from the wonder and eagerness of childhood when we get rid of our stodgy grown-upness and our scheming sophistication. It is the joy which comes from emptying our hearts of envy and greed and filling them with sympathy and love. It is the joy that comes from seeing God's heavenly glory blended with the tenderness of Bethlehem. At Bethlehem we get back to see what God meant us to be and our hearts feel young again.

A little over two hundred years ago a German composer was pursuing his musical career in England. He had some successes but many disappointments. At one point his health and his fortune had reached such low ebb that his money was gone and his creditors threatened him with imprisonment. His right side had become paralyzed. His name was George Frederick Handel. Just as he seemed about to give up the struggle, a manuscript was left at his dingy London lodgings with the request that he develop it into a musical composition. The theme ignited Handel's spirit and he produced the oratorio, *Messiah*. The next time we stand to sing the Hallelujah Chorus, we might remember how Handel himself was reborn in the message of the manger. ■ ■

## A Further Range

Man is not a robot  
Controlled by chance and change;  
Man made in God's image  
Has a further range.

Our Father never leaves  
Man helpless and alone.  
He cares for everyone,  
Each need of theirs is known.

Enfolded in God's love,  
Wherever man may go,  
His footsteps all are safe.  
God ever keeps them so.

—Louise Darcy



## *the curve in the road*

by william folprecht

**J**OSÉ RODRIGUEZ climbed over the fence and looked down at the injured man.

There was blood running from a cut on his head. His eyes were glazed with shock. He was sprawled on the side of the icy road where José from the top of the hill had seen his car careen and turn over as it went into the skid.

When the siren had gone off that morning, announcing that there was no school because of the icy roads, José's heart had leaped with the joy of any twelve-year-old boy, even that of a Puerto Rican lad newly transferred to the United States. A day off from school! A day to explore the surrounding area of the large farm where his father and some

*Reprinted from The Christian and used with permission.*

## A little boy with a small sled wonders what he should do about an injured man thrown from his overturned car on an icy road

other men worked. A chance to slide down the hills and have fun.

That there were few children in that whole area of Long Island for him to play with did not dampen José's spirits. He knew how to have fun by himself, as an only child. Just give him the chance.

And now he was staring down at Senor—no, he had to say Mr. now—Mr. Davis, the owner of the farm. The same Mr. Davis he heard yelling at his father recently about not working hard enough. He remembered how sad and silent his father had been as Mr. Davis had lashed out at him.

"You're all alike, you foreigners!" The man had shouted at his father. "You come to the States thinking the world owes you a living and you'll get it here on a silver platter! Well, you're mistaken. You've got to work to earn your keep on my place!"

José looked down at Mr. Davis now, lying on the icy road, his eyes unseeing, his body rigid. Maybe God had let such a man get hurt because he was so mean. After all, José knew his father was a hard worker, but he just had to be slowly taught his new duties. Mr. Rodriguez was a painstaking worker, José knew that about his father, and he always worked slowly but surely to do it just right. But Mr. Davis misunderstood.

José's eyes swept the road. It was hardly ever used. It was never sanded by the road crews. Hardly

anyone used it except Mr. Davis going into town, or the Rodriguez family and the other two Puerto Rican families working on the farm. They used it for shopping, and for going to church on Sundays.

José was remembering church now. And Sunday school. And the lesson recently. He remembered the story the teacher had read last week. "The Good Samar. . . ." José's mind groped for the ending. It was a new and strange word. "Samaritan." That sounded like it. He had helped a man, just like Mr. Davis, who had been wounded and whom he had found lying on a road, although it had not been cold and windy.

Mr. Davis stirred slightly, and his moving brought José's mind back to the present. He needed help. The boy could see that. But if José ran back to the big farmhouse and tried to tell Mrs. Davis what had happened how would he be able to make her understand? He could hardly speak English. He was finding it all but impossible to get along in school in this new land. The words didn't come easily, the strange pronunciation was difficult.

No, the only way he could help Mr. Davis was staying right with him, or better still, trying to get him back to the warm house. There Senora—Mrs. Davis—would be able to take care of him. She'd know just what to do.

But doubts came into José's mind. Someone had once told him that to

try to move an injured person, one thrown clear of a car in an auto accident, might cause even worse injury. What was he to do?

And again, why should he help this man who had yelled so at his father? But soon as José said this to himself, he knew what he had to do. He had to do the same thing as the man in the Sunday school story. He had to be like the Good Samaritan.

But that man had had a donkey on which he had put the injured man. José looked at the overturned car. Even if it had been left right side up he would not have been able to drive it.

José turned and looked at the top of the little rise from which he had seen the car hit the curve and then skid and turn over. The secondhand

sleigh his father had bought him two weeks ago was up on the hill. He had been considering trying the hill with the sleigh when the accident occurred.

HE climbed slowly up the slippery slope of the road. The snow and ice made his footing dangerous. He seemed to slip more than he climbed. But he finally made it.

When he had the sleigh at the foot of the hill near Mr. Davis, José's heart was pounding, his hands perspiring in his mittens. Would he be able to get the heavy man onto the sleigh, then pull him on the sleigh up the long hill?

Later José didn't know just how he had done it, but somehow he had gotten Mr. Davis half-turned, and





then had slipped the sled under him.

Would he slide off the sled? José wondered about that, so he took the man's muffler, ripped it in two to make it longer and then tied it around Mr. Davis' body and the sleigh.

The man was starting to groan now, in pain, as José began his hazardous journey, pulling the heavy sled after him. The hill seemed the longest in the world. Once José slipped, and his ankle felt painful as he regained his footing and started up the hill again.

He was nearing the top, but he felt he couldn't pull any longer. His arms were being pulled out of their sockets, his ankle was hurting. José's eyes began to grow moist with tears he would not let come. Twelve-year-old boys do not cry. They are almost men. He forced them back, but they were still there on the rim, almost ready to pour over.

The boy found himself turning his head to the sky, toward heaven. Why didn't God send some help? How could he expect a little boy to pull a grown man up a long, long hill? Why, why did it have to be he, José Rodriguez, who had seen the accident?

Then José found himself asking God for help. If no other people came, then God would have to give him the strength to get Mr. Davis back home.

When he told his mother about it later, José couldn't find the words to explain what happened. God didn't seem to give him any more power. But something did enable

him to keep pulling, in spite of the pain in his ankle, and before he knew it, he was at the top of the hill.

José was so happy now that he had level ground to pull the sled along that he almost laughed.

In a few moments he had pulled the sleigh, forgetting his aching arms and his painful ankle, all along the long road, and to its end, near the big house. He pounded on the door and Mrs. Davis, wiping her hands on her apron, stared wide-eyed at him and his sleigh, as she opened the door.

"All he kept saying was 'Sam,'" Mrs. Davis explained later to Mrs. Rodriguez, who with her husband had now returned from work on the far side of the farm. "I didn't know what he meant."

Mrs. Rodriguez looked proudly at her son, José, smiling, now that his ankle had been taped and his weary arms had had a chance to recover strength, ran his hand shyly over his head.

Mrs. Rodriguez interpreted the boy's effort. "He trying say what-you-call 'Samaritan.' Bible story; he hear Sunday school."

Mrs. Davis nodded, knowingly. "Yes, now I know," she said slowly. "And that's just what he was really, or Mr. Davis wouldn't be alive now."

She glanced down at her husband, his head bound, lying in bed. There was a different look in his eyes now, José noticed.

José looked at Mr. Davis. The man lifted a hand and waved it feebly in greeting at him.



# The Meaning of "Grace"

By Clifford L. Stanley

GRACE is a girl's name to most people and very little else. It is a beautiful name, too, the very sound of it, though it is not widely used these days.

The name Grace, like the names Prudence, Patience, Faith and Hope, comes from a religious term. Perhaps it is not used frequently as a name nowadays because the religious idea from which the name comes is less familiar than in former times.

Are you interested in words? The word "grace" comes into English from the Latin language. Next time you see an MGM picture you may see the word *gratia* at the beginning of the film. If you can tear your eyes away from the bad-tempered MGM lion you will see the word around the lion as part of a Latin motto: *ars Gratia artis* (art for Art's sake).

The word "grace" in one form or another is widely used in our language. We attribute "grace" to a dancer or to someone's manners. A movement may be "graceful," or the host may be "gracious." The word "grateful" comes from "grace" and in Spanish "grace" (*gracias*) means

"thank you." Then there are combinations such as "day of grace" (welcome when insurance premiums are due) and "grace notes" in music.

Notice one thing. "Grace" is always—repeat, always—a pleasant word, a charming, heartwarming, winsome word. It is as attractive as a smiling baby. It cannot help being nice, like some people we know.

The word "grace" was probably used in religious thought because it was such an amiable word to begin with. Its high association with religion, in turn, made it even more dear and kind.

"Grace" has been used in two ways in religious thought. The two ways are generally presented in a certain order, like 1 before 2, or A before B.

## Grace as Forgiveness

The first use of grace was expressed classically by William Sanday the great English New Testament scholar. Sanday said, "Grace is unearned favor."

This means that God feels easy in your society and you may feel easy

*Dr. Stanley is the professor of Systematic Theology at The Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Virginia, Alexandria, Va.*

in his no matter what you have done. It is not in your power to do something so wicked that God denies you his presence and sends back word that he is "not at home." You may be a very powerful sinner but God is omnipotent. He is always stronger *for* you than you are *against* him. "Sin abounded but grace did much more abound."

The foregoing would be ruinously dangerous but for one thing: the cross of Christ. We know, since so many perpetual motion machines have been discredited, that you never get more out of a system than you put into it. If God only ignored our misdeeds, he would compromise himself and disintegrate us by an easy welcome. But the cross of Christ destroys the thing that otherwise ought to separate us from God. As we *start* into his presence we are rehandled, reeking and saturated with failure, but by the time we *arrive* we are set free of it.

A man always has to live with himself. The way he lives with himself is determined by the way he lives with God. That is why his formula for living with God must be considered and settled first. A present-day theologian, Paul Tillich, applies this truth to our present problem—"Accept yourselves as accepted, though unacceptable." In our time we have anxieties, neuroses, insecurity, meaninglessness, despair. We find it hard to live with ourselves. This is what the old theologians called "the wrath of God." Whatever you call it, there is something in us that makes us miserable. Are you able to oppose this misery

with something that overcomes it, and so accept yourself? Do you use the cross of Christ so that you can live easily in your own society, the way God uses it so he can live easily in yours? Do you?

### Grace as Power

There is a second use of the word "grace" in religious thought. Grace is power. The second use is due primarily to St. Augustine, a thoughtful teacher of the early church (A.D. 400).

Power makes achievement possible. The achievement made possible by grace is the fullest development of human possibilities—in such matters as obeying or giving orders, being a husband and father, being a citizen.

Now we see why grace takes two forms, why the forms taken are "unearned favor" and "power," and why they come in that order.

As unearned favor, grace *removes the things we do not want* as often and as fast as they arise. By so doing it opens the way for something else, just as an old building is removed to make a place for a new one. Grace as power *makes the things we do want*, their luster undimmed by the moldy smudge of shame, their energies unwasted by inner strife.

The idea that grace is power requires you to believe something about God and, then, something about yourself.

A man might be rich and yet people could starve in sight of his house. In a word, he is rich for himself but not for them. Grace as

power means that God's power—omnipotence we call it—is available for our life. The chief expression for the truth that God's power is available for us is the name "Spirit." The Holy Spirit is not the name we use to describe God when he makes heaven wonderful, but when he makes earth like heaven.

If God's power is available for us, then *we* must have in us what Fosdick called "power to see it through." No matter what the odds, no matter how shamefully small the apparent resources, the end is pledged. We shall yet gaze upon the splendors and glories for which we were created. We are unquenchable optimists or, to use a more seemly and noble word, men of "hope."

The power has moved in and, like "the man who came to dinner," it is there to stay. Any day may be the day when far from seeming unreal or feeble its inflexible resolution *in us* will strike terror to the heart. Francis Thompson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven," expresses what it feels like to find the almightiness of God on our trail.

### Traditional Yet Unpredictable

In a detective story everything is explained in the last chapter. Before we finish there are two things to "explain."

First, the two expressions of grace have venerable names given by the Christian past. Grace as unearned favor was called "justifying grace." Man was "justified" or accepted, not because he earned it, but precisely because he did not earn it! The mark of God is the

unexpected. Grace as power was called "sanctifying grace." That is, it sanctified men, made them "saints" or, as we might like to say, simply and fully human. At one time a man might not use these ancient terms in his thoughts and conversation, but at another time he might. Many a man has thrown away an heirloom from the attic and then lived to regret it. Here, at any rate, are the religious heirlooms. Do with them what you like.

Second, both forms of grace are invisible. *You cannot see* the process which robs wickedness of its power to hurt. What you see, with your eyes and your introspection, is broken promises, unrealized dreams, fragments, shame, failure. *You cannot see* the omnipotent energies which claim humanity's future. What you see are the brash, boastful energies that issue in lust and greed, in war and enslavement. Is it not reliably reported that "God is on the side with the strongest battalions?"

The Christian sets aside all that he sees and stakes everything on something that he cannot see at all. This curious behavior is called "faith." Faith is not the rival of grace but the point of contact with it, like the wire that brings electric current into your house. "By grace you are saved—through faith." ■ ■

### NOT SO DUMB

Small boy, explaining report card to Dad: "No wonder I seem stupid to my teacher; she's a college graduate."

—Orville E. Reed in *Imp.*

# What Will Men Remember You By?

By George S. Wilson

IT used to be the custom for men to compose their own epitaphs. They chose out of their lives what they wanted to be remembered.

W. C. Fields suggested as his words of remembrance, "I would rather be here than in Philadelphia." That represents an opinion but doesn't tell us very much about W. C. Fields.

In Boot Hill at Tombstone, Arizona, George Johnson's grave is marked with the note, "Hanged by mistake." George may or may not have composed this epitaph.

Lem S. Frame was a busy man. His epitaph reads, "Lem S. Frame who during his life shot 89 Indians whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawks Ferry, March 27, 1843."

Thomas Jefferson picked from his busy and effective life the things he wanted men to remember, "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia." He did not mention that he was also President of the United States.

What will men remember you by? What do you want to be remembered about your life and your accomplishments? What have you done? What cause have you fought for? Who have you helped? What have you written in the lives of those who know you? ■ ■

**POINTED PROVERBS:** Having honorable ancestors is less important to a man than their having honorable descendants.—Walt Streightiff. . . . Too many speeches are like a wheel, the longer the spoke the greater the tire.—Jack Herbert. . . . Have you heard about the Texan with an inferiority complex—he thought he was no better than anyone else.—Gene Yasenak. . . . The only thing more expensive than a good education is a bad one.—Jack Herbert. . . . What adds to the accidents in the home is the fact that some people don't spend enough time there to learn their way around.—Grit. . . . If at first you don't succeed, try looking in the wastebasket for the directions.—*Changing Times.*

# Things That Put Me in a Christmas Mood

By N. Wells

IN Copenhagen, Denmark, Santa Claus received this letter from a little Welsh girl: "My father told me you were going to bring me a bicycle. Now he says you have too many ordered already, so I will have skates instead."

Reading between the lines, deeply touched by this plaintive note, one of the postal clerks turned the letter over to the manager of a nearby coal mine, hoping that the miners could do something to make the child's Christmas a better one.

The miners did just that—they collected \$84 and not only bought a bicycle for the little girl, but bought gifts for her six brothers and sisters as well.

*Why this put me in a Christmas mood:* At that time the mine was threatened with closure, the miners faced with unemployment.

x x x

A FURNITURE dealer in Louisville, Kentucky, spent the Saturday before last Christmas passing out candy and toys in his store to underprivileged children. While he was busy doing this, a man jumped out of a car, stole one of the trees on sale in front of the store, and

drove away before anyone could stop him. In his rush, however, he dropped his glasses. The merchant promptly turned them over to the police so that they could use them to trace the thief.

*Why this put me in a Christmas mood:* The merchant had no intention of prosecuting. He only wanted the man to have his glasses back so he could see for Christmas.



**T**HE 249 employees of a Tennessee post office did not send any Christmas cards last year, thereby lightening the seasonal burden of the mail carriers. Not only that, they figured they saved themselves a total of \$360.

*Why this put me in a Christmas mood:* They gave the money to charity.

x x x

**A** SEVEN-YEAR-OLD boy in Rochester, New York, was already on a bus when he discovered he had lost the dime meant to pay the fare. The bus driver let the boy stay on, but he impressed upon him that he should reimburse the bus company. A few days later the youngster mailed in his dime.

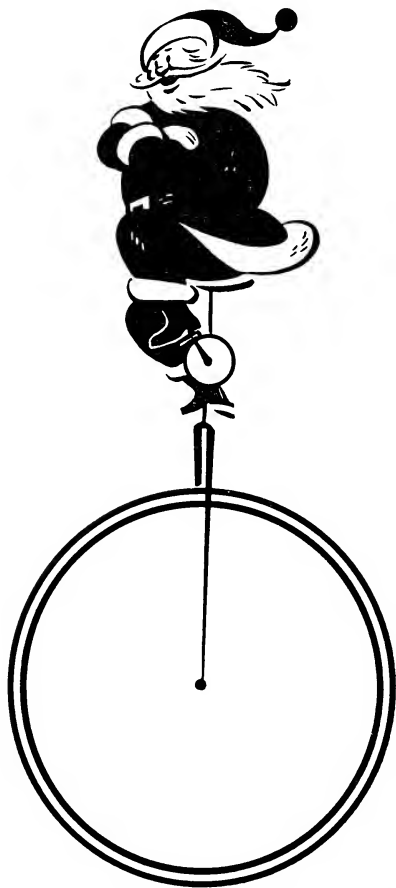
*Why this put me in a Christmas mood:* The president of the transit company not only returned the boy's dime, but sent him another ten dimes, with the suggestion that he use it to buy a Christmas gift for his mother.

x x x

**R**ESIDENTS of a street in Greece, New York, were not too pleased with a neighbor who installed a sign on his rooftop instead of the more standard Christmas motif. Especially, they didn't like it when lights were rigged up to the sign so that day or night, the word "Humbug!" could be seen. They settled down some, however, when the owner of the sign reminded them

that Scrooge really had a heart of gold.

*Why this put me in a Christmas mood:* The real reason behind the "Humbug!" sign was this: it was the homeowner's way of expressing his personal dislike of the present-day commercializing of the entire Christmas season. ■ ■





# Our Nation Under God

By Joseph R. Sizoo

WE belong to a generation which is increasingly critical of the past. People today are impatient with yesterday. In the building of a braver and better tomorrow, we give but scant regard to the old fences, the old disciplines, and the old patterns which have come out of the past to make us what we are. This impatience with the past is not due to the inevitable and wholesome conflict between youth and old age, between those whose years are in the past and whose faces are toward yesterday, over against those whose years are still before them and whose faces are to the future. No, this impatience with the past is due to something infinitely deeper. It is

due to the infiltration of the philosophy behind communism. To a communist the past has no meaning. He will tell you, as he has told me, that there is no hope for a better tomorrow until we disavow and disassociate ourselves from everything which has come out of the past.

No institution which has come out of the past has been so virulently and dramatically attacked as the Christian church. Many, because of the philosophy of dialectic materialism, have come to believe that religion is a fifth wheel, a kind of pleasant nostalgic hangover of childhood which ceases to have validity in mature society. Therefore, the greatest single contribution that we

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can make to our time is to help the nation recover or rediscover the meaning of "freedom under God."

We must reevaluate and rededicate ourselves to this good land in which we live, to the freedom in which our lives are set, to the inheritance into which we have entered and to the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience, with none to molest or make afraid or make ashamed. We are a people under God.

It began many years ago when a little ship called the Mayflower, smaller than lifeboats on the Queen Mary, with 102 passengers dedicated to the cause of freedom tumbled for thirteen long wearisome weeks through the stormy waters of the Atlantic. They were driven from their course by a relentless, cruel storm. When their supply of drinking water had vanished, and their food supplies began to mold and spoil, they landed upon New England's broken coast, kneeling on Plymouth Rock, commending themselves and their adventure to the merciful keeping of God. Before six months had passed, one half their number were dead and buried in graves made level with the ground so that the Indians would not desecrate them. They ate the unaccustomed diet of nuts and ground corn and dried fish; yet such was their faith, that they wrote an inscription to God at the beginning of the solemn Mayflower Compact.

The first crude shelter they built was a meetinghouse so they could worship the God of their Fathers. They founded the first school, the

precursor of elementary public schools, that children might learn to read the Bible for, they said, "What avails freedom, if youth does not know the Word of God." Today they are allowed to read almost every book but the Bible. They declared the first public holiday that all might meet together and give thanks to God for his unfailing providences. They established the first college that young men might be trained to preach and to teach the good news of divine grace to the community and to the natives.

In due time they formed the first Federation of Thirteen Colonies, all whose charters, with one exception, began with an inscription to Almighty God, and this one exception included it when it became a state in the Union. They believed with Pastor Robinson, as they knelt on the cobblestones of Leyden before they sailed, "God has yet many things to reveal of Himself." They braced their hearts and increased their strength by drinking deep from the springs in the hills of God.

**T**HROUGH all these long years of our history, it has always been true that in times of crises, when the resources of men shrivel, the resources of God unfold. By the providence of God we have entered into the inheritance of those who fought a good fight, who finished their course, who kept their faith, who endured as seeing Him who is invisible, whose voices never spoke in uncertain sounds, and for whom all the trumpets have blown on the other side. Those who try to make

you believe that religion had nothing to do with the establishment of freedom and democracy either do not know the truth or do not want to know it.

Ever since that founding, through the long years, we have built our freedom upon the conviction "that nation alone is great whose God is the Lord." We have written that affirmation into our Constitution. We have stamped it on our currency; we have repeated it in the Salute to the Flag; we have sung it in our national hymn; we have affirmed it as each President concludes his inaugural address with "so help me God." We have borne witness to it as those who assume public office pledge loyalty to country with their right hand resting upon the pages of the open Book of books.

It is Washington kneeling that agonizing winter on the frozen snows of Valley Forge, asking God to save the cause and, years later, urging his fellow countrymen: "Labor to keep alive in you that little spark of divinity called conscience." It is Lincoln imploring God to grant victory at Gettysburg because, "we can't stand another Chancellorsville," saying "with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in to bind up the nation's wounds" and, concluding his Second Inaugural Address with, "the Almighty has his own purposes, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." It is Woodrow Wilson urging a world torn with hate and greed and intrigue to "establish a new order because God

hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the deep." It is William Jennings Bryan, sitting with me in my study, reciting his favorite passage of scripture, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," then adding, "Some will question whether I fought a good fight, others will question whether I have finished my course, but nobody can question but what I have kept the faith." It is John Glenn, coming back from a flight through outer space and star clusters, bearing the testimony, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

John Courtney Murray, the distinguished Jesuit scholar, was right, "Only a virtuous people can be free. Freedom can survive only if people are inwardly governed by a moral law." Let no one live with any pleasing illusion, low ideals, or false philosophies. Secular goals are beginning to crowd in on us and choke conscience. These are dangerous times. They are the more dangerous because they are so comfortable. There are many voices urging the nation to assume or to seek new national goals. What we need are not new goals, but a new commitment to the goal expressed in the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator (not their governments but by their Creator) with certain inalienable rights."

Democracy is a form of government so high and so exalted that it requires a high level of intelligence

to appreciate and a high standard of character to maintain. If ever we as a nation should fall apart, which God forbid, it will not be because of a political structure or a social pattern, or economic legislation, but because of the character of the people. If we attempt to build a nation with no reference to religion, then Plymouth Rock may yet become a memorial to the light that failed.

Freedom of religion does not mean freedom from religion, and liberty of conscience does not mean liberty from conscience. I would rather put our country and its culture in the keeping of the humble pilgrims of the past, like my mother and father who in autumn and spring, winter and summer, sunshine and rain, had their daily litany: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," than to put our country and its culture in the keeping of some quasi-intellectual, fly-by-night theorist, whose only contribution to religion has been to smear it and to stagger the minds of young men and young women across the campuses with the brilliancy of their negations.

Not long ago I was flying home from Denver. It was night. There is nothing comparable to night flying. It seemed as if God had spread bolts of black velvet over the earth, laid them in ridges across the land and sprinkled them with rubies and sapphires and diamond dust. Now and again I could see, looking out of the little window, the dull glow of an approaching city. Here and there I could see a row of flickering lights on some village street. Some-

times I could see a light burning in some cabin on a lonely frontier. I said to myself that night, and I say it again now,

So long as there are homes to which  
men turn at close of day,  
So long as there are homes where  
women are and children play,  
If faith, and love, and loyalty be  
found across these sills,  
A stricken nation can recover from  
its gravest ills.

So long as there are homes where  
fires burn and there is bread,  
So long as there are homes where  
lamps are lit and prayers are said,  
Although a people stumble in the  
dark, and nations grope,  
With God himself back of these little  
homes, we still can hope.

Ponder the meaning of that phrase "freedom under God," which was conceived on Plymouth Rock, born at Valley Forge, baptized at Gettysburg, consecrated in the Second World War, and challenged in Korea. And hold that truth firmly in your heart and will that "government of the people, by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth." ■ ■

## Growing Pains

My many flaws and foibles  
Have caused me much despair.  
And when I ask God to forgive,  
This is my earnest prayer:

For strength to overcome the faults  
To which I am so prone.  
And that some day I'll hear Him say,  
"My child, how you have grown!"

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

# Making Your Use of the Bible Count

By W. Truett Walton

I HAVE taught Bible to college freshmen for twenty years and I continue to be surprised by how little the majority of them actually know of it and their lack of insight regarding how to use it. But I have discovered when they come to see that its relationship to living is both real and vital then what happened centuries ago loses its distance and they sense something of its beauty, truth and value for them today and tomorrow.

The late great Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, long-time Dean of Yale Divinity School, enjoyed pointing out to his students that when truth has been expressed in clarity and simplicity it does not need to be altered or have additions made to it. For example, you possibly cannot recall when you first learned to write the ten digits of our number system. As you laboriously copied them until they were familiar it never occurred to you that these ten numbers were all you need to express even astronomical distances. With these ten numbers someone could conceivably write a check large enough to bankrupt our nation. Here

you have truth in its simplicity and there is no call for additions. Or consider da Vinci's famous painting *The Last Supper*. No one in his right mind after studying this picture would want to change the tablecloth nor place modern china on the table, nor alter the expression on the faces of the men. Here again truth has been expressed in its simplicity and it does not call for additions or changes. So it is with the Bible.

I believe if one could imagine the Almighty sitting down at a linotype composing the Bible himself the resulting printed document would contain exactly the same truth regarding God's love for humanity, man's sin and his inability to save himself and God's sacrifice to redeem the race as we now have.

The Bible is the record of the progressive unfolding of God's revelation through a most remarkable race with his revelation climaxed in Christ—his teaching, his death and his resurrection. If one reads the Bible with an open mind he becomes convinced that God was doing something back there in history. He was working through

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God and character. It is not a book of magic. One could sleep with it under his pillow for fifty years and derive nothing better from it than a stiff neck. Carrying a copy in one's hand doesn't make him any better and having a copy in one's home does not thereby, through its presence, make that home safe nor imply that it brings the favor of God upon that house. It can have little meaning for you unless you become well acquainted with it.

One of the noblest pastors in the nation tells of an experience he had early in his ministry when he was preaching for a revival in a certain community. A pleasant family invited him to lunch. Sometime after lunch he wanted to refresh his mind on the scripture he was to use in the evening service, but he had left his own Bible at church so he asked the lady of the house if he could borrow hers. She enthusiastically assured him he could and then she began to look for the Bible. She searched through books and magazines of the living room and then tried the dining room without finding it. She searched throughout the house and finally found it in a box out on the back porch. She was eager to say that they had a Bible but they had made such little use of it she did not know where to find it. Lack of familiarity with its contents left her little aware of its message for every hungry heart.

### **The Bible Is an Active Book**

The experiences of thousands from all communions strongly support the belief that the Bible has within it a

those people of long ago in spite of all their faults, limitations, and mistaken ideas.

### **The Bible Is a Living Book**

The Bible has an approach to life as fresh and as modern as today's problems but there is no place in honest Christian Bible study for worship of the Bible. One must not substitute it for God. It is not a secular history. It is faith history. It is not a book on science. As has been said, "The purpose is not to show how the heavens go but how to go to heaven."

The Bible is a book on religion and its purpose is to impart a knowledge of what God wants to do for and through men when they accept his truth. So its authority is in the field of ethics and religion and in these it is the world's greatest book. This textbook when rightly interpreted is an infallible guide to

potential source of strength for you. However it has little meaning for you until you become acquainted with it. What can the Bible do for you? Very little unless you give it a chance to enter your thinking. The prescription of the most famous doctor of internal medicine in the world will not cure your illness so long as it is a scrap of paper, or just another bottle in your medicine cabinet. Only when it enters into you can it do its intended work.

The writer of Psalms 119 says: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light to my path." Thus, thousands of years ago this writer was convinced that God's word, however it came, was active, illuminating and helpful. Bible reading is richly rewarding and revealing. It exposes our sham, shabbiness, shallowness, selfishness and wrong motives. But it does not leave us there, for it kindles within us the desire to rise above our failures and sins and acquaints us with the power of God which is always available to enable us to accomplish this.

Let me make some practical suggestions on how to read the Bible. Begin your systematic Bible reading by remembering that we are Westerners and this book was written in Eastern figures of speech which are often ruined when we force them into the iron mold of the literal. The leaders of the early church understood this for Paul wrote, "For the written code kills, but the Spirit gives life" (2 Cor. 3:6). By all means, make Christ the key to the Scriptures and read God's Word in light of his revelation.

The best way to begin is with the Four Gospels. And read them in the order in which scholars tell us they were written—Mark, Matthew, Luke, John. Do not be disturbed by the differences in the narratives for this is one of the strong evidences of their genuineness. If four men saw an accident downtown in a large city and were all called into court to testify, they would all relate at least some parts of it differently and their testimony would be credible. But if each one of the four was put on the witness stand and said word for word exactly the same thing their testimony would be thrown out as having been framed. So we should be grateful that the gospel writers each used his own approach and style in relating the story as he was inspired to preserve it.

Next turn to the Acts of the Apostles—the first book on church history ever written—and let its heroic narratives live in your imagination. After this you will be ready to read Paul's letters and the writings of others, and you will discover that much of this section was written for the edification and spiritual enlightenment of those like us, who are also seeking the truth.

When you get to the Old Testament, you will find that it too speaks to your heart. Many have found it helpful to study Psalms, Proverbs, the Prophets Isaiah, Micah, Amos, Jeremiah and Hosea and others, before the historical books. Nonetheless, you will discover that the first five books are very rewarding; in them you will find some of the loftiest ideas of God graphically por-

trayed in the drama of the human race.

Do not overlook the fact that a good commentary is a distinct help in all biblical study and can give insight into difficult passages.

### **The Bible Is a Powerful Book**

The influence of the Holy Bible is woven into the entire pattern of Western civilization. It played a large part in those hazardous days of the early American colonists. It has comforted, instructed, inspired and led to redeeming faith all classes and conditions of mankind and continues in this God-given mission for all who with honest minds and hearts seek its message. Its power grows with its usage rather than diminishes, for here familiarity never breeds contempt.

An American missionary to Brazil, back in the states from a tour of duty in that fabulous country, told me of this experience. On the last round of his mission stations before leaving Brazil, he kept hearing stories of a young man who lived far back up in the interior of the

country more than a hundred miles from any mission outpost who wanted to become a member of the church. Since several trusted friends among the natives had insisted that he should make a special trip off the beaten track to see this interested prospect, he made the long dangerous, tedious trek. At the settlement named he located the young man and to his immense surprise discovered that he was a Christian of deep conviction. Since he knew that no missionary had been there, he asked the young convert how he learned of Christ and his love for him. The young man went into the house and brought out a small well-worn New Testament printed in Portuguese and he told the missionary how this book had accidentally fallen into his hands and through the reading of it the power of God had entered his heart and remade his life. The same experience awaits everyone who will receive it with the same hospitality as this Brazilian boy. "The grass withers, the flower fades; but the word of our God will stand forever" (Is. 40:8). ■ ■

## **The Start**

Without the start the race is never run,  
*The kneeling at the mark, the testing stride;*  
The pebble in the shoe, the lace undone  
Can make the best of runners turn aside.

So let us toe the line and bend the back,  
Searching the course ahead that we may know  
The lanes we race are part of all the track,  
And at the starter's call rise up and GO!

—Ralph W. Seager

# Charlie's Christmas

By Margaret Troutt

SERGEANT COOPER looked up at us from the manager's desk in the home for the aged. The tree lights tinged his features red and green through the open doorway. "Charles West?" he repeated. "Are you friends of his?"

"No," my husband said as we exchanged glances, "but he sent us a Christmas card. We thought he must be lonely. Would you point him out to us?"

"Certainly," said the sergeant. "Mind if I tell you something about him first?" and he motioned us to a chair. "Charlie West," he began slowly, "is lonely, all right. He's on city welfare—has no relatives at all. During the two or three weeks before Christmas, groups from several churches visited here at the home. They left the men small gifts: soap, shaving supplies, handkerchiefs, socks, fruit, and candy."

"Our church was one of them," I interjected. "We try to visit all the homes for the aging during the holiday season. Although I don't at all remember, that must be when we met him."

"Well," continued Sergeant

Cooper, "the men appreciate the chance to talk to someone just as much as receiving gifts. But they usually can't wait to open their gifts and use them. I noticed, however, that Charlie didn't open his packages or eat his fruit and candy. 'Don't you like them?' I asked him the other day.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied, but I noticed he still didn't open a package. By yesterday morning he had accumulated a little pile of small packages and quite an assortment of fruit and candy.

"About ten o'clock he came by the desk carrying a brown paper bag. 'Merry Christmas, Sarge,' he greeted me. 'I'm going out for a little while; I'll be back for dinner, though.'"

The sergeant swiveled his chair around and gazed absently out the window. "When he returned for our holiday meal," he continued, "he was breathing heavily but looked as though he'd just got a million dollars. 'Sarge,' he said, 'God is so good to me; this is the best Christmas I ever had.' Then he shook his head sort of slow and thoughtful.



# Daily Bible Readings

## DECEMBER

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	1st Adv. Sun. Matthew	5:1-16
2	Matthew	5:17-26
3	Matthew	5:43-48
4	Matthew	6:1-15
5	Matthew	6:19-34
6	Matthew	7:1-12
7	Matthew	7:13-29
8	2nd Adv. Sun. (Univ. Bible Sun.)	Psalms . . . 119:105-120
9	Psalms	. . . 119:89-104
10	2 Timothy	. . . 3:10-17
11	Deuteronomy	. . . 5:6-21
12	2 Chronicles	. . . 34:14-21
13	2 Chronicles	. . . 34:29-33
14	Psalms	. . . 25:1-22
15	3rd Adv. Sun. 2 Peter	. . . 1:16-21
16	Hebrews	. . . 4:11-16
17	1 Thessalonians	1:1-10
18	James	. . . 1:19-27
19	1 John	. . . 1:1-10
20	John	. . . 1:1-18
21	Matthew	. . . 1:18-25
22	4th Adv. Sun. Luke	. . . 1:5-25
23	Luke	. . . 1:26-38
24	Luke	. . . 1:39-56
25	Christmas	Luke . . . 2:8-20
26	Matthew	. . . 2:2-12
27	Matthew	. . . 2:13-23
28	Luke	. . . 2:21-35
29	Sunday	Luke . . . 2:39-52
30	John	. . . 8:48-59
31	Revelation	. . . 22:12-21

"That's fine, Charlie," I told him. Then, seeing that there was more on his mind, I added, "What did the trick?"

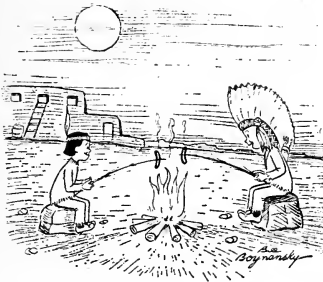
"I should have known better than to worry," he went on. "But I had so little money this year. I knew I couldn't buy gifts for the folks I wanted to. The Miller family especially."

"Even the children?" I asked, recalling their oversize batch of youngsters. By this time we had started for the dining room.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Guess you could say I've been blessed double this Christmas. First, I had the fun of getting all those gifts," he hesitated, "and—well—just now I took them over to the Millers. They just loved everything."

"Well, that's the story," concluded Sergeant Cooper with a back-to-business air; "Charlie didn't even keep a piece of candy for himself. But he's as happy a fellow as you ever saw."

"Now," he said, rising. "I'll take you to see him. His is bed 326. Just follow me." ■ ■



"I never did like turkey meat."

THEIR PLACE? While the art class was setting up a Christmas scene on the school lawn, one of the boys asked uncertainly, "Where shall I put the three wise guys?"

# The People of God

By **Graham R. Hodges**

**P**ARDON the term, but to me the church is like a reciprocating engine—a series of back and forth movements in which power is transmitted from combustion chamber to point of tire contact with the ground.

All the motors in today's cars are reciprocating engines, soon to be replaced, we hear, by the gas turbine. The back and forth kind have driven nearly all the cars and airplanes since Henry Ford and the Wright brothers. An explosion of gasoline vapor produces pressure against the piston head, which pushes the piston rod against the drive shaft, and on back through transmission, differential, axle, wheel, tire, and finally against the pavement. Thus, the car moves ahead.

A crude illustration perhaps for a divine institution, the Christian church. But unless we Christians receive power from God and use it for him and our brethren we are like a little gadget I recently purchased in a novelty store called a "bunko grinder," nothing more or less than a hand crank connected with a series of wheels and that's all.

We go to church to receive power.

Power to recover from last week's work and wounds. Power to do next week's work. And having received this power, shall we hitch it up to useful work or let it ooze away doing nothing?

## **The Early Church—People of Power**

Speaking of power, the word is used dozens of times in the New Testament in describing the apostles' activities. Read the Book of Acts and Paul's letters if you doubt this. But early Christians had no more power than we can possess. The same God lives, the same Christ, the same Holy Spirit, as did two thousand years ago.

Let's look at these people of power. What were they like?

First of all, they were ordinary people, judged by worldly standards. Few blue bloods, no millionaires, rarely college men, not many who would be voted in their high school class as most likely to succeed. Yet, they did succeed. They hit the world like a steam hammer. Why?

## **—Also "Called by God"**

First, God put his finger on them.

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They were "called." They were under orders more compelling than any draft board notice. And they never got discharge papers from God.

The Greek word for church, *ecclesia*, means "the called out ones," or literally, those whom God has selected or picked out from the world.

God calls us, too. In a thousand and one ways he beckons us to accept him as Lord, obey his orders, to follow his Son. If we don't hear him we simply aren't listening, like a small girl who never hears her mother shout "come wash the dishes" but can pick up the faintest whisper "dinner's ready." God calls us, you and me, right today. We hear him if we really want to.

More important than being called, *they responded*. True, more people rejected Christ than accepted him. This is true today. Of the thousands who heard Jesus or were fed or healed by him, how many took up his cross? Many adored, but few imitated the Master.

The early church, then, was composed of people whom God called, who heard his call, and who responded with a yes. He couldn't force people then; he cannot now. We can be our stubborn, stupid, willful selves and find at the trail's end we've been on a fool's errand. The early churchmen said yes to God and by so doing said yes to life.

They were called out. They withdrew regularly into their own ranks, only to emerge with power for service. Every day or every Sunday they met for fellowship, prayer, hymn-

singing, Bible study, and observance of communion.

In these closed sessions, frequently in the Catacombs of Rome, they received power not only from God but from one another. They were like glowing coals of a fire—together they glowed, but if long separated their fire dimmed. That's why regular and frequent church attendance is so necessary. We encourage one another.

Then, having received power and courage, out into the world they charged, to witness, to live as their Master told them, to preach, teach, and heal. Like a reciprocating engine they received power from one place and transmitted it to a world starving for their message.

### What Is Our Answer?

At this point many of us Christians do a fade-out. We're all charged up but never leave the post. But strength from God is for working, running, serving—not for just champing at the bit.

We, the church, the people called out by God are called for service. Heaven knows that few of us are here for ornament, judging by what we see when we shave each morning! Then why are we here? *For service*. We are called to serve, to be useful. The first definition in *Webster's Dictionary* of "servant" is "a person employed by another for menial offices or for other labor." God is employing us for the dirty jobs of life, literally!

Are there lonely, sick, discouraged, outcast, or even despicable people around? Then, in ways best known

to you, you are to serve, to literally be a servant or a slave in being their bridge to God.

### Wanted—Reconcilers

One favorite New Testament word is *reconcile*, which means to *unite*. Christ reconciled or united us with God by his life, death, and resurrection. He unites us with God by assuring us of God's love, not hate.

You are called to serve by being a reconciler, or uniter of others with God and their fellowmen. Instead of being at odds with God they see, through you, that God loves, not hates, them. If you were ever separated for a little while from your parents or from a girl friend by bad feeling you've had a taste of what some endure all the time toward everybody. What a joy it is to be reconciled, to be united in feeling once again.

This old world is full of unreconciled folks—separated from God, from their families, from father and mother, from everybody by ill feeling. By your example you can be a bridge, a uniter, a means of reconciliation, not a stirrer up of trouble. Instead of serving as a Berlin Wall you can be a bridge of friendship.

It can be a dirty, sticky business—this task of reconciliation. But it's terribly needed, more than new machines or weapons.

Yes, the church is made of people who go in for worship, inspiration, and power, and then go out for service and reconciliation.

And as the song says—"you can't have one without the other!" ■ ■

## The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

### THAT SOMETHING

Something deep within responds to  
love—

The comfort of a friend, a helping  
hand.

The beauty of the world in which we  
live

Strikes a chord we know and under-  
stand.

Something deep within recoils at hate  
And grieves when men cringe before  
the rod.

We call *that something* by many names  
And yet I know it is the touch of God.

### THIS AGED BOOK

It is a wonder how this aged book  
Can open up a vivid world to me.  
I read and I am there alone with Him  
Beside the sunlit shores of Galilee.

A country I have never seen is mine;  
An age that I have never known is  
real.

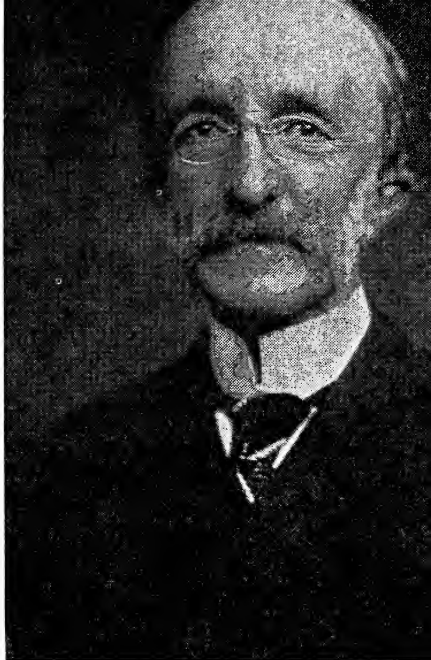
The way that others felt when first  
He spoke

Is now the way that I have come to  
feel.

The Bible is not just another book;  
It has a message and a love to give,  
A cause to capture every human heart,  
The Word of God to teach us how to  
live.

# Healer in the Wilderness

By Vincent Edwards



Dr. Edwin Livingston Trudeau

ON a spring day in the year 1873, a wagon with a single passenger rolled up in front of Paul Smith's hunting camp in the Adirondacks. For once no husky Nimrod stepped out. The new arrival was so spent from his forty-mile journey over rough wilderness roads that a guide had to carry him into the cabin. Afterward, the guide liked to tell about how light had been his burden on that particular occasion. Along with all the others at the camp, he probably believed that the New York lung specialist who had given the tubercular boarder but

six months to live had over-estimated the time.

Today, on a hillside, not many miles from where the sick man arrived, there is an imposing memorial. A reclining figure in bronze, gaunt and hollow-eyed, looks steadfastly out over the mountains. Go up to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks and almost everybody can tell you the story of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

He did not succumb to "T. B." inside of six months, as everybody expected, but lived on for forty-two years. He grew so much better that

he was able to resume his medical practice—this time among the mountain people, and his horse and buggy became a familiar sight on the roads as he went about the job of healing. Often he never bothered to ask for pay when he found the patient's family in hard circumstances. Even hard-bitten guides came to speak of him as "our beloved physician."

But Dr. Trudeau's lasting service to humanity was in behalf of tuberculosis sufferers. From his own experience, during days of convalescence, he observed that when he was getting plenty of rest and fresh air, his condition improved steadily. Who could tell? Maybe these very things would work a complete cure in cases where the disease was not so far advanced. Thereupon, Dr. Trudeau began putting his patients to bed in the open air, and it wasn't long before he had the satisfaction of discovering that his outdoor rest cure had resulted in a 100 per cent recovery of some of the milder cases.

In seventy-five years there has been a drop of 80 per cent in the nation's annual death toll from tuberculosis. To nobody does more credit belong for this great lifesaving than to Dr. Trudeau. The remarkable thing is, too, that the cure still depends upon what he introduced in the wilderness more than three-quarters of a century ago—plenty of rest and fresh air. Nothing has been found to match the simple therapy he originated.

One day, while carrying on his country practice, the good doctor had a vision. In a dream he saw a

mountainside covered with houses, but in every one the people were living *on the outside*, in order to gain renewed health from the pure, outdoor air. That picture inspired a great mission. Forthwith Dr. Trudeau decided to devote his life to curing the victims of tuberculosis, and, first of all, he would build a sanitarium.

Other doctors must have thought him mad. In the entire country at that time there wasn't a single sanitarium for tuberculosis. But Dr. Trudeau was able to raise three thousand dollars from rich friends in New York, and the first cottage, "Little Red," was built on the hillside. His first patient was a sick factory girl, and she not only got well, but was present at a celebration of the sanitarium's founding forty years later.

In a few months Dr. Trudeau's fame began to spread. More patients applied than he could find room for. Bigger and more modern buildings would have to be built. But always the weekly charge to the sick must be kept low so as to encourage people of small means to come. The good doctor had no thought of getting rich.

The sanitarium had been in operation only three years when a famous writer sought out Dr. Trudeau. But after a winter at Saranac the frail genius, Robert Louis Stevenson, moved on to the South Seas. Meanwhile, so many other patients were flocking there that the little Adirondack town was having a mushroom growth. Houses sprang up all over the surrounding hills. After Dr.

Trudeau read a brilliant paper before a medical convention at Baltimore in 1887, his sanitarium began to be watched very closely by the great Doctors Osler and Welch. Always close at hand, ready to help out with money when needed, stood his good friend, Edward Harriman, the railroad financier.

With all his success, Dr. Trudeau's life was heavily shadowed by sorrow. After he had learned how tuberculosis might be cured, he must have remembered sadly that time in his boyhood when he had rushed back from private school in order to nurse his sick brother in a New York rooming house. He found Frank coughing in heart-rending fashion. In those days the doctors said all outdoor air must be kept from the sick room. In no time at all poor Frank was dead, and young Edward himself had fallen a lifelong victim to the dread disease.

Later, at Saranac, Dr. Trudeau's daughter Chatte died from tuberculosis. And then, after another long interval—as if this tragedy were not enough—his oldest son suddenly succumbed to pneumonia, just as he was on the threshold of a promising medical career. This last blow was too much even for Dr. Trudeau. Crushed and heartbroken, he passed away in 1915.

But others were ready to carry on his great mission. In these latter days many great buildings stand as monuments to one man's courageous fight against "the white plague." Today there are more than seven hundred tuberculosis sanitariums in the United States alone. ■ ■

## IT'S IN THE RECORD

**T**ROPHIES have been a part of sport tradition for many years. . . . Probably one of the richest trophies in sports is the Ray Hickok Belt. It has a buckle which is of solid gold and weighs three pounds, plus 26 one and one-half carat diamonds, a larger diamond, a sapphire, and a ruby . . . its cost, over \$10,000. The belt goes to the "Professional Athlete of the Year," a prize well worth claiming!

- Here's a fact for you postage stamp collectors. At one time or another, over 90 countries have issued a stamp on sports. All in all, over 1,000 of these stamps have been issued.

- Back in 776 B.C., when the first Olympic Games originated, the discus throw was the main event. The athlete who could make fly with the discus the longest distance was given the honor of becoming the greatest athlete of the country.

Banned in A.D. 394, after a lapse of over 15 centuries a French baron, Pierre de Coubertin, was responsible for the rebirth of these famous games . . . thus was born the first modern Olympic Games in April, 1896 . . . and could a better choice of location have been made than Athens, Greece?

—Mario DeMarco

## *Religious Life*

### *On the Midway*

by A. L. Dominy

WHAT effect will service in the Armed Forces have on my Christian faith?" is the question young men ask often as they wonder if they can serve Christ faithfully and effectively while on military duty. Parents, too, are concerned about this matter.

There are a good number of Navy men aboard the USS *Midway* (CVA-41) who can testify that their Christian lives have been broadened and deepened by their experiences aboard ship overseas and in the home port this past year.

Just before Easter in 1962 the

Navy's first super-carrier steamed west from her home port of Alameda, California, to patrol for nearly seven months the perimeter of the free world in the waters of the western Pacific Ocean. Not long after the ship was underway a group of Christian men met with their Protestant chaplain, Commander A. L. Dominy, a Navy chaplain for nineteen years, and formed the Protestant Fellowship. This simple organization functioned very much like any comparable young people's society in an evangelical church. Five officers were chosen to plan the



activities for the group for each half of the cruise in the Far East. A Sunday school was organized with four classes, and First Class Ship-serviceman H. C. McKnight served as superintendent. Then every week two evening meetings were prepared to supplement the Sunday school and church services held each Sunday. A Bible study hour each Tuesday evening taught by the chaplain provided a regular time of serious study for the men, to assist them in relating the teachings of God's Word to the problems and possibilities of our time and place. A fellowship hour each Thursday evening offered the men an opportunity to participate in the programs with a wide variety of subjects. Hymn sings, testimony meetings, Bible quizzes, discussions and the viewing of religious films enriched many hours at sea. Of great value, too, was the daily prayer service held in the small devotional chapel at noon while the ship was steaming. These men prayed for guidance and strength in their task, protection for their shipmates and families at home, and harvest for the missionaries and ministers in foreign ports and at home. Incidentally, this daily prayer service continues in port and Master Chief Jeff Cadby arranges for different men of the group to take turns presenting brief devotional thoughts. Finally, Sunday evening vesper hours have often closed the Lord's Day aboard ship. It is no wonder these Christian men have grown spiritually sharing this life together.



**CDR A. L. Dominy, CHC, USN, Protestant Chaplain on USS *Midway* (CVA-41).**

EVERY port of call presented members of this Christian band with exciting privileges to observe Christians at work in many ways. Visits to missions were encouraged by the chaplain and assistance was offered in locating missionaries sponsored by the home churches of the seamen. Many times, however, they found new friends serving Christ in strange communities.

Chief Barry Hilts, took several members of the crew to visit evangelistic stations, orphanages, and training schools in various lands. When the ship visited Subic Bay in the Philippines a number of men were able to visit the New Tribes Mission Training Station a few miles inland

from the U.S. Naval Base. There Christian greetings were exchanged between American and Filipino believers in thatch huts. Young Filipino Christian students in this school are preparing to preach the gospel to the most primitive tribes scattered throughout the Philippines. Airman Tom Jones found that meeting these dedicated young people was a highlight of his cruise, and an experience he would never have known if he had not been serving Christ in the Navy. Others say "Amen" with him.

Hong Kong, always a popular place for sightseeing and bargain-hunting Americans, had an additional attraction for the Christian Fellowship. Jet pilots, Lieutenant Ron Hanna and Lieutenant William Sones, were thrilled to see for themselves the work of the Christian National Evangelism Commission, directed by the Reverend Andrew Song. Then a tour was arranged by the chaplain that enabled the men to see the cottages, the health clinics, the feeding stations and the noodle factory for refugees, under the direction of Dr. E. E. Gates working for Church World Service. The most memorable event of the visit, however, was entertaining 350 children of the Perfect Virtue Rooftop School. The *Midway* "adopted" one of these students, Wong Mok Cheung, several years ago, through the Christian Children's Fund of Richmond, Virginia, and gave him and his 350 classmates a party aboard ship. The Protestant Fellowship, assisted by other shipmates, acted as hosts. The men gave thanks for the good work being done

for refugee children by the Christian teachers in the school and for the contributions which came from the churches at home. Just this year a second "adoptee," Chan Tat Ming, was added to the care of the crew because the men of the ship's company were so impressed with what they saw.

A brief stop at Okinawa revealed to the men the strange contrasts of believers in animism—they were

**Boat Captain Robert Nelson and Chaplain Dominy help Wong Mok Cheung into boat for party on *Midway*. Wong Mok Cheung, student at Perfect Virtue Rooftop School in Hong Kong, was adopted by the *Midway* crew several years ago. This year they adopted Chan Tat Ming.**



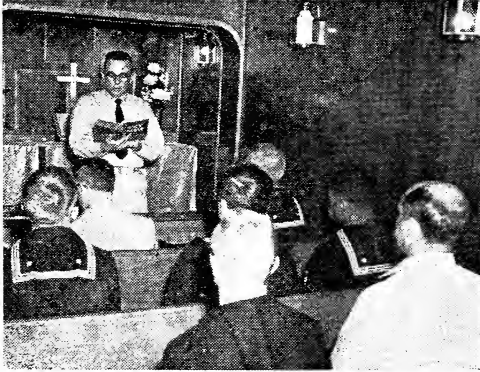
building elaborate stone tombs while living in crude shacks. A servicemen's center there, as in many other ports of the Far East today, serves well countless numbers of our Christian military men. Christians at home should be commended for supporting these centers. Experienced missionaries like the Reverend Edward Bollinger have done double duty in some places serving both natives and our Americans far from home. Chaplain Dominy related the testimony of an elderly Christian

woman who once had been a Noro priestess in an Okinawan village that brought inspiration to the men.

**M**ORE time was spent in Japan than any other foreign country during the cruise. At Iwakuni a number of the men shared Christian fellowship with the Reverend Montgomery Browne and the Brethren near Hiroshima. In Beppu a group took an interesting train ride to Saeki and had a wonderful time with orphans in Christ's Children's

**Members of Fellowship Group on the *Midway* toured Kamakura with a Japanese Bible Class that meets in the Navy Family Chapel, Yokohama.**





J. Cadby, FTFCM, reads from the Bible in chapel on *Midway* during devotions.

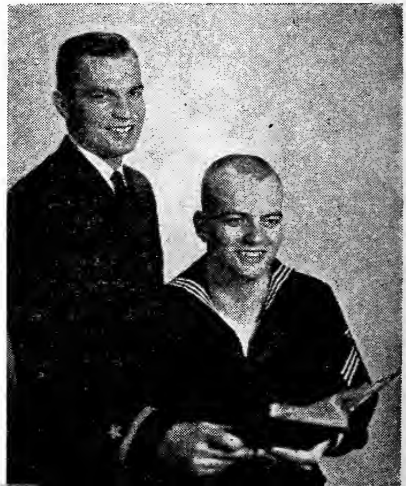
Home directed by the Reverend Robert Brown. In Sasebo the World Missions to Children Orphanage, directed by Mr. P. Huggins, was another outpost for Christ frequented by the Christian men of the *Midway*.

Two ports held special attraction. Yokosuka was a welcome stop because of the wonderful fellowship the men had with a Japanese Bible Class that meets in the Navy Family Chapel of Yokohama. The Japanese young people, through Miss Miyo Sugiyama, and the Navy men got together for activities each visit of the ship. The last Sunday the *Midway* was there was an outstanding day. The Bible class came to the ship and sang as a choir. After luncheon aboard, the two groups toured Kamakura together and went to the Navy Chapel. There a *sayonara* party culminated in a testimony meeting with individuals from both groups participating. Here was an outstanding example of the uplifting and unifying power of Jesus

Christ in a deteriorating and divided world.

Sasebo is visited often by ships of the United States Navy. Not far away from Sasebo is Unzen National Park, the site of the first martyrs for Christ in Japan when a feudal lord executed 342 believers in the sulphur pools in 1628. Last year, however, it was also the site of a stimulating Bible conference with the theme "Thy Will Be Done." The *Midway* men sponsored the program and invited men from other ships to attend. More than fifty Navy men from five ships gathered for two days of spiritual devotion and physical refreshment in a Japanese resort hotel. The Reverend Dale Oxley of the Bible Protestant Mission in Hitoyoshi was the guest speaker. Living in the Oriental custom added to the experience of Christian fellowship in a very real

Two "Midway Messengers": Ens. James E. Orluck, song leader; and Jerry L. Romprey, HN, soloist.



and rewarding way. Young Christian airmen like James Sigafoos and Larry Jepson related how the program added to their understanding of the faith and dedication to Christ.

On the trip back to the United States two meetings brought together all the benefits of God's grace to his Christian sailors. One program featured missionary reports by the various men as they prepared to make presentations to their home churches. The other meetings, the night before the ship docked, was a testimony meeting. Parents would have given thanks and all Americans would have been proud to hear these men, one after another, tell of God's blessing during the cruise, and how they represented Christ and our country with simplicity and warmth in the very highest way.

Then after returning to the home port, the men discovered they had a story to tell of God's goodness and grace to them. With the chaplain they formed a gospel team known as the *Midway* MESSENGERS. Seven churches in the area of San Francisco Bay have heard their message in song and colored slides and scriptures. Ensign James Orluck has led the singing. The rich baritone voice of Hospitalman Jerry Romprey has been used to the glory of God as he sang solos. Several men have taken their turns giving words of testimony. Chaplain Dominy presented colored slides illustrating their ports of call and introducing the people they met.

Many of the Christian men in the group have been or are being transferred from the *Midway*. ■ ■

**Five more "Midway Messengers." Front Row: Barry L. Hilts, ETC; Geoffrey G. Cadby, FTSM. Back Row: Delmar E. Weaver, GMT2; Tom W. Jones, AA; James V. Sigafoos, AN.**



# The JOY of Christmas

By W. B. J. Martin

CHRISTIANITY was born in song, and has continued to sing ever since. Hinduism has its temple bells, Mohammedanism has its solitary muezzin in the minaret calling the faithful to prayer, but only the Judeo-Christian faith has choirs and carolers. It is Christianity that has enriched the world with such magnificent choral works as Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. There is nothing like these in any other great world religion.

Christianity has not only taught men to sing, it has taught them to sing together. Especially at Christmastime, choirs are rehearsing Christmas cantatas and oratorios, and congregations are looking forward to joining in "a good sing" as they celebrate the story of Christ's birth.



## Christmas Is Story—Not Argument

Why is this? Partly because Christianity is a story and not an argument. The good news is the story of what God has done. It is not a philosophical treatise, but "truth embodied in a tale" as Tennyson said. It is the true story of a cowshed and a cross and an empty tomb. God did not issue a statement, he revealed himself to us and us to ourselves in a life. Where religions are concerned with ideas, theories,

*Dr. Martin is minister of the First Community Church, Dallas, Tex.*

thoughts, or with psychological exercises as in Zen Buddhism, it is impossible to put them to music; but the story of God's redemption is only adequately rendered in song.

But there is a deeper reason: Christianity is gospel, it is good news, glad tidings. It is not man's agonized striving and searching, but man's grateful response to God's gift of himself in Jesus Christ. *Religion* is man's attempt to get in touch with God; *Christianity* is the good news that God has gotten in touch with man. So the characteristic note of our faith is gratitude. We rejoice that God has "visited and redeemed his people" and that he has made himself known to us in his Son.

### Everything About Christianity Is Different

*Prayer* is different. In some religions, prayer is a method for changing God's will, or averting the evil eye, or piling up merit to earn God's favor. But in Christianity, prayer is opening life up to acknowledge and appropriate that favor which God has declared in Jesus Christ.

*Repentance* is conceived differently. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet and theologian, used to insist, "We do not repent in order that God should love us. We repent because God loves us." He has declared that love in the gift of his son. So we repent, not by making strenuous and heroic efforts to show and prove how sorry we are, but by taking him at his word. We take up a new attitude to life (which is the literal meaning of "repentance").

Instead of striving to put things right by our own efforts, we learn to accept forgiveness and to live upon the resources of God's love.

*Morality* is different. Christian morality is rules set to music. As the biblical writer puts it, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage" (Ps. 119: 54). Christian behavior is our grateful response to the "love wherewith Christ has loved us." The King James Version of 1 John 4:19 is, "We love him because he first loved us." The RSV rendering is more accurate: "We love, because he first loved us." Loving behavior to all and any of God's creatures is released in us by God's prior love toward us.

For these and other reasons, then, Christianity is really "something to sing about."

### Christmas Is Incarnation

But joy breaks through at every season of the Christian Year. It accompanies every part of the Christ-event: Good Friday, Easter and Pentecost. What gives Christmas its peculiar joyousness is its initial insistence upon Incarnation—upon the miracle and marvel of "God with us." There would be no special joy in contemplating the sight of a great, good man whose human excellence both terrified and rebuked the mediocrity of his time. There would be no special joy in harkening to his good advice or endeavoring to emulate his good deeds. That might easily drive us to despair.

What makes people sing at Christmas is the grateful recognition that "God was in Christ recon-

ciling the world unto himself." If we take Incarnation seriously, then it follows that man is not left to his own devices. That strange tormented genius, Friedrich Nietzsche, once wrote a parable in which the chief actor was a madman, who went into the marketplace in broad daylight with a lantern in his hand, crying, "I seek God, I seek God!" The crowd began to mock him, shouting, "Why? Is he lost? Is he hiding? Has he gone away?" The crowd was being flippant, but they had common sense on their side. It is the sign of a madman to be seeking God in a world where everything points to his presence. Perhaps Nietzsche was saying, in his curious provocative fashion, that we are all mad, and that one of the marks of our madness is that we have begun to dramatize ourselves as "God-seekers."

The Christian conviction is not that we are God-seekers but that God has revealed himself. We are not left to our subjective faith, our feelings and aspirations and struggles. We live in a world where, for all its baffling mysteries, God has made objective and public his will and purpose, in the historic life and career of Jesus of Nazareth. God has said something to us and the word has become flesh; not a private whisper, but an open declaration, available to all men. We may choose to ignore his word, but we cannot complain that he has not spoken it—bold and clear—in the words and deeds, in the person and character of Jesus the Christ, the Savior of the world.

### Christmas Is Joyous Good News

The Christmas story is joyous because it is *good news about God*. When we say "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," we affirm that the power behind the universe is like Jesus of Nazareth. God is not an abstract idea, or an Unmoved First Cause, but one who loves with a Father's love, who in all our afflictions is afflicted, who identifies himself with our trials and shoulders the consequences of our sins.

The Christmas story is joyous because it is *good news about man*. When we say that in Christ God took human form, we are affirming that we know what human life really is. Apart from the historic figure of Jesus we have only the most inadequate idea of what human life was meant to be. We ourselves are but caricatures of manhood, manhood fallen from the original purpose for which it was created. In Jesus we see what God intended life to be. G. B. Caird uses the useful illustration of a composer listening for a time while a violinist murders one of his compositions, then seizing the instrument and saying, "No, no, this is what I meant." In Jesus, our Maker has taken our human nature, and is saying to us, "This is what I intended."

The Christmas story is joyous because it is *good news about matter*. When we say that the Word was made *flesh*, we are delivered from despair about the flesh, which often seems to us to be the root and cause of our downfall. If we take Incarnation seriously, then we must take the flesh and the physical world



seriously, not as our foe but as the sphere in which spirit comes to life, and through which it shines. We shall pray with confidence the prayer of the famous church-historian, Edwin Hatch,

Breathe on me, Breath of God . . .  
Until this earthly part of me  
Glows with Thy fire divine.

knowing that it was "in the flesh" that Christ realized and actualized his sonship, not in spite of it.

The Christmas story is joyous because it is *good news about history*. When we say that Christ came "in the fullness of the time," we affirm that history is not the push-and-pull of miscellaneous and largely accidental causes, but is obedient to the drive of God's spirit. Amid the apparent chaos and confusion of our times, a sensitivity

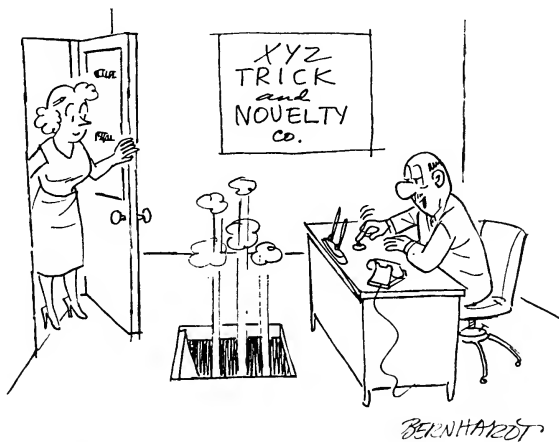
is at work drawing us closer together, a Hand is shaping us. History is "going somewhere"—it is moving in the direction of Jesus of Nazareth. When the philosopher Rosenstock-Huessy called his book *The Christian Future*, he confessed that the title was tautologous, since there is only one future. Humanity is either moving towards Christ, or away from him.

No wonder Isaac Watts, so firmly rooted in the biblical faith, cried,

Joy to the world! the Lord is come.

for he could go on to say,

He rules the world with truth and  
grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.



"Call the employment bureau, Miss Ames. I've just discharged Chambers."

# THE TALL TREE

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

**A little boy learns about sharing his beloved tree—the biggest and straightest in the whole forest**

THE cook's hound-dog face was more worried than usual as he stared at the nine-year-old. "I thought you knew, boy, else I wouldn't have mentioned it. Thought your pa must have told you. They cut the big tree down yesterday."

Jeff stood facing the cook, his weight sturdily divided on his young legs. His large brown eyes were suspiciously moist as he nervously bit his lower lip. Then without saying anything he turned abruptly and ran from the log cookhouse.

Breathlessly he pounded along the narrow logging road that led to the section where his father and the crew would be working. The tears that he had held back in the cookhouse now ran down his cheeks. The hurt within him grew until it matched the pain in his lungs as he forced himself to run on, long after he had the strength to do so.

Finally, he came out in the clearing and saw his father, in familiar battered brown hat and leather

jacket, standing on a truck giving instructions to the crew. He saw something else as well.

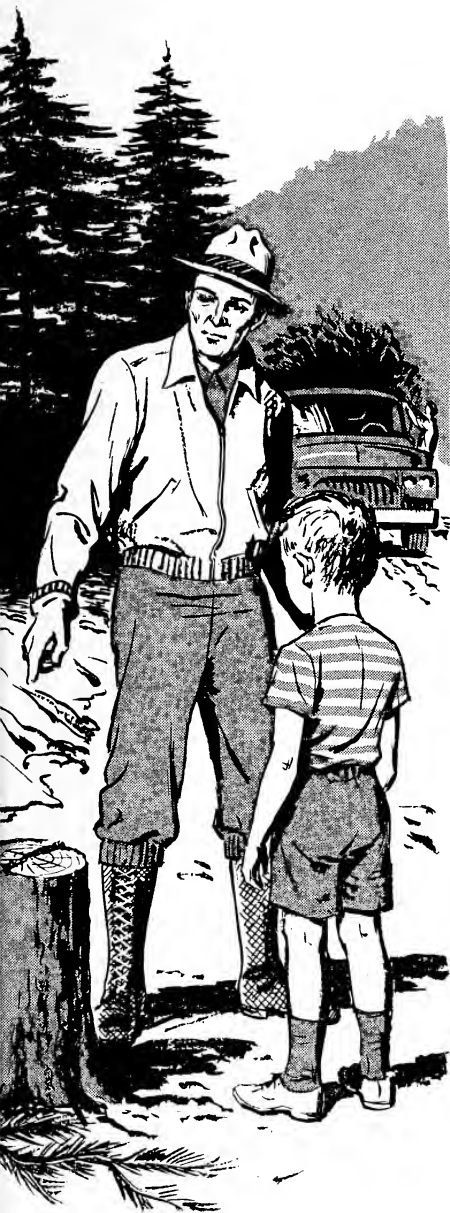
What Old Gus had told him was true! The tallest tree was gone. His tree! The tree his father had given to him. The tree which had been his pride.

His father saw him, leaped from the back of the truck, and came striding across the clearing toward him. He was a tall, gaunt man with a prematurely lined but kindly face. Coming close, he smiled at Jeff.

"Good to have you back again, Son." He held out his hand in the man-to-man gesture that always pleased Jeff.

But Jeff was not in a mood to be pleased. He drew back, his round, boyish face looked at his father accusingly. "You cut down my tree!" he said.

Mildly surprised, his father dropped his hand. "I didn't think it meant that much to you," he said quietly.



"You said it was mine," Jeff went on defiantly. "It was the tallest, best tree in the whole country! Why? Why—?" Unable to contain his heartbreak, the boy sobbed incoherently.

For a long moment the man held the quivering body close. Then he gently stroked his son's soft brown hair. "Jeff," he began, "it was because the tree was yours that I decided to use it. I got a fine price for it to help your college fund."

Jeff stared sulkily at the ground. "I don't want any old money."

"You'll be glad of it one day," his father promised. "They needed a really big tree for the state capitol. They offered a fine figure and I felt this was the right tree."

"Why did you lie about giving it to me?" Jeff asked sullenly.

His father sighed. "Look, Son, it was an old tree. Lightning could have hit it, or a big windstorm could have finished it. I figured it was time to put it to some good purpose."

Jeff was not appeased. "I'm going back to camp," he announced with an almost adult dignity. "Uncle Fred can take me to town when he goes in tonight." And without glancing at his father, he walked away.

As he walked, he knew that he had deliberately decided on this course of action to hurt his father who counted on his company weekends. During the week he stayed with his uncle and aunt in the city and his father often joked about how he'd really lost Jeff to them. Deep in his heart Jeff had a turning affection for his father, but right

now he didn't want him to suspect that. He would go back to town and stay there until his father realized the enormity of what he had done.

"Your dad was pretty upset," Uncle Fred, a shorter, younger edition of his father, said on the drive back to the city. "Maybe you shouldn't have left him this way. You know it hasn't been too good a year in the lumber game and it takes a lot of money to keep the operation going. Your dad doesn't want to lay off any of the men near Christmastime and he still likes to put away some cash for you. The tree sale makes that easy."

Jeff gave his uncle a derisive look. "My tree was something special. No old money can pay for it."

**I**N the weeks following, Jeff refused to drive up to the camp. His father, breaking his usual routine, came down twice to try to heal the breach between them, but the best he managed was a cool acceptance.

So it happened that Jeff was not up at the camp the weekend in early December when his father was injured. Old Swede, a veteran logger, had become confused and moved directly in the path of a falling tree. Jeff's father had saved Swede, but was hit by the tree himself.

Jeff's aunt took the boy to the hospital and for a brief few minutes he was allowed to see his father. The still, wan figure on the bed seemed a stranger. And when they told him his father had died, he couldn't associate the beloved image

in his mind with the person in the hospital room.

He was frightened, quiet, and strangely without visible emotion afterward. In the back of his young mind it seemed that all his sorrow had begun with the loss of his beloved tree. Although he did not understand why he felt this way, the loss of the tree and the loss of his father were mixed up in a tangle of regret and grief that was almost beyond bearing.

When he confided his feelings to his uncle one afternoon in the week before Christmas, the latter puffed thoughtfully on his pipe and made a decision. "I still have a lot of shopping to do," he said, "and you have things to get as well. Tomorrow we're going to the city."

"I'm not going to buy anything," Jeff protested. "It isn't going to be a real Christmas with—" He didn't finish the sentence.

"Of course it's going to be a real Christmas," Uncle Fred assured him. "Your dad wouldn't want you not to have a Christmas."

That evening Uncle Fred made a long telephone call. Jeff didn't understand what it was all about but he knew it must be important because his uncle and aunt discussed it quietly in the living room afterward in tones too low for him to hear.

All this was forgotten the next day when he and his uncle drove to the city and made a tour of the many big department stores with their gay Christmas decorations. Jeff met at least four Santas, and completed his shopping. For the first time since



his father's death he lost himself in the excitement of the stores with their crowds of shoppers, Christmas music, and colorful trimmings. When they had finished, they locked their purchases in the trunk of the car and went to a restaurant for his favorite dinner of ham and eggs.

Uncle Fred smiled at him over the dessert. "Better hurry, Jeff," he said. "We have an appointment in a few minutes with a very important man. The governor. He was a good friend of your dad's."

The mention of his father spoiled the magic of the moment for Jeff, but he tried not to let his uncle see that he was upset. They left the

restaurant and drove through the darkening December afternoon to the big golden-domed building that stood on a hill overlooking the city.

Uncle Fred led him along a wide corridor to a high-ceilinged reception room where they waited for a few minutes. Then a smiling young woman ushered them into a larger, more elaborate room. There a tall, distinguished-looking man rose from behind a massive desk and came to greet them.

"You are Jeff," he said extending his hand.

"Yes, sir," Jeff replied gravely, thrusting his small hand into the larger one.

The governor led Jeff to a window that looked out over the city. "I usually look after this task earlier," he smiled as he indicated a temporary switch that had been installed on the window sill. "Tonight I waited because I knew you were coming. I want you to press that button for me."

Jeff glanced at him and then, after a moment of hesitation, touched his finger to the switch. As he did so something magical happened. On the lawn below a giant Christmas tree came to life in a sparkling confusion of light and color that almost took Jeff's breath away.

He stared at the great illuminated tree with the bright star on the top. And he was proud that this was his tree. He knew now that his father had been right. Here the tree was something special. It had ended in a true blaze of triumph.

"I understand you were upset about your father allowing me to have your tree," the governor said. "Now I think you can see it wasn't such a bad idea after all."

Jeff gulped. "It was always mighty big and special."

"Anyone can see that," the governor agreed. "But all things change, and so in the end would your tree. This way it is doing something quite wonderful, bringing happiness to a lot of people."

There was a pause and then very gently he went on: "Just like your father, Jeff. Like your tree he was a tall and shining light to us all. Sometimes in our confusion of getting and giving we forget that Christmas is the birthday of Someone who gave us the greatest of all gifts. And life is only valuable when we can put it to a worthwhile use. Both your dad and your tree did just that. I hope you understand this and that you feel less unhappy."

Jeff looked up into the kind face and his smile was full of pride. Rising above the turmoil that had filled his young mind was a new sense of understanding. Now he would go home with Uncle Fred with the gnawing pain, that had tormented him, eased. He knew that his father, his tree, and in a way even he, had given as generously as they could in the true spirit of Christmas. ■ ■

## THEY LIKE THE LINK

### Happy Birthday

My husband and I subscribe to THE LINK and we would like to have a birthday gift subscription sent to our son. . . . He is very active in Methodism and we feel your magazine will be valuable in his church work.

—Mrs. Herman Braun, 872 Lyons Avenue, Irvington 11, N.J.

### Helpful to My Son

My son, Albert, Jr., is in the Army and he enjoys your publication very much. It has helped him to walk in the paths of God.

—Albert P. Hout, Box 6153, Marietta, Ga.

# Spiritual Inventory

By C. C. Goen

THE first month of the year, as everybody knows, is named for the Roman god Janus, who had two faces so that he could look both forward and backward at the same time. His particular function as a tribal deity was to watch over gates and doors, granting special favors to those who passed through, and to bless the beginning of all new ventures. Time is not so neatly divided, of course, but in January we traditionally look at where we have been, hoping to see more clearly where we ought to go. In the spiritual realm this should be easy because generally we haven't traveled very far in the last twelve months and have no idea that we shall go much farther in the next. What makes it difficult, though, is the requirement that we look not before or behind, but within. Suppose we try to do this by raising a series of questions concerning the religious life. The answers may be elusive, for each person must supply them for himself.

Three areas have been selected for probing here: Bible knowledge, theological understanding, and secular concern.

## Bible Knowledge

The Bible continues to be the all-time best seller, but this hardly means that it is widely read or well-known. A recent survey indicated that while 83 per cent of Americans believed the Bible to be the Word of God; 40 per cent confessed that they almost never read it. When asked to name the first four books of the New Testament, 53 per cent could not name even one. Our first question, therefore, is: How much of the content of the Bible do I really know?

Do I know the lives of the patriarchs, the messages of the prophets, the experiences of the apostles? Am I familiar with the historical development of the people of God in the Old and New Testaments? Have I studied the life and teachings of Jesus so that I know them at least as well as my basic training manual? Could I describe the travels of the Apostle Paul and fit into the appropriate times and places his major writings with a summary of their contents?

Beyond this, have I given any thought to the proper interpretation of the Bible so that its message

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is relevant to contemporary life? What is the relation between the words on the page and the Word of God to us today? Although this is a rather complex problem occupying the attention of the profoundest scholars, no Christian should evade it. If our inventory reveals a vast deficiency in this area, why not make a New Year's resolution to read something like Bernhard W. Anderson, *Rediscovering the Bible* (Association Press, 1951), or Robert McAfee Brown, *The Bible Speaks to You* (Westminster, 1955)? Excellent helps will be found also in the *Westminster Guides to the Bible*.

### Theological Understanding

For too long theology has been considered an exercise for the ivory tower. While it is a rigorous discipline challenging the most acute minds, it also is an inescapable demand upon all of us because of its relation to two other terms: revelation and religion. Revelation is God's act, his self-disclosure to men in history, however this may be regarded. Religion is man's response to God as revealed in various forms of worship and devoted work. Now, because man is a rational being, he cannot help thinking about the meaning of his encounter with deity. Such thinking is theology, an attempt to explicate the meaning of revelation and of religious response. Whatever one's religious understanding, then, every man must be a theologian of sorts. The question for us here is: How has my understanding of God, Christ, man, church, and the like matured during the past

year, and how shall I strengthen my theological grasp in 1964?

Consider the following problems. What is the relation between intellectual belief and Christian faith, and how is faith validated? What kind of being is God—a personal subject, an inexpressible mystery, the "source of human good," or what? What can we know about him, and how? Who is Jesus—an ethical teacher, a pre-existent divine being who appeared in history for a time, the living "Word of God, or what? What is man—a chance result of a series of biological accidents, a moral personality created in the image of God, a depraved sinner and a potential saint, or what? Why does he itch to be more than he is, and in over-reaching himself often become less than he was? Whence come his ambition and inadequacy, his achievement and his failure, his sense of superiority and his feeling of guilt?

As men encounter the God revealed in Jesus Christ they are drawn into a new kind of community, the church. Precisely what is its nature—a congregation of like-minded believers or an institutional dispenser of saving sacraments, a holy priesthood or a sacerdotal hierarchy, a human construction or divine creation? What does God require of us now in the way of ethical action in the crises of our time, all of which have their moral dimensions and their relation to the ultimate coming of God's kingdom? And what will the end be? Will good finally triumph? How does the kingdom of God come?



Religion which rests content with traditional formulas that have little meaning for the space age is really quite shallow. A mark of mature religious life is deepened theological understanding. Why not add to your reading list for the new year some works like L. Harold DeWolf, *Present Trends in Christian Thought*, and Jack Finegan, *First Steps in Theology* (Reflection books, Association Press)? For the latter a useful self-teaching workbook, *Step by Step in Theology*, has been prepared by Hal and Jean Vermes (Association Press, 1962).

### Secular Concern

Another area for our spiritual inventory is marked out by the question whether religion is properly private or secular. Note that "private" is not the same as "personal." Biblical religion is always personal—that is the heart of the Protestant Reformation—but when it becomes private it is isolated from the world Christ died to redeem.

By "secular" I mean being concerned with the *seculum*, the present age—a "worldly" religion that takes the world for its field, its burden, its mission. Have we been satisfied too long with the easy exercises of privatized, pietistic religion which never touches the operating centers of the world's power structures? Have we neglected the resources of authentic Christianity for the reconciling of alienated segments of our fragmented society? Indeed, if the church is unable to penetrate the secular order with God's redeeming grace, can it justify its continued

existence in this "post-Christian" world?

In a sense, every crisis in history is due to men's inability (or unwillingness) to live in community even though they have no other real option. Somehow men will not subdue their selfish desires in order to recognize their interdependence and fulfill their responsibility to others. As a result we confront political repression, economic injustice, and racial discrimination on many sides. Even in our own "open" society, demagogues still shout (in the doorways of institutions dedicated to truth!), "Segregation now, segregation forever!" And this is true not only where colors clash, but on every boundary between private interest and common good. In the swirling vortex of conflicting interests, the church of Jesus Christ is called to the ministry of reconciliation. Christians *together* must demonstrate a new humanity recreated in Christ; this is our witness to him in whom the fractured human family can become one. [For further thought on this point see Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Life Together* (Harper, 1954)].

While taking inventory this New Year, it would be well for every professing Christian to ask himself what he has done to further peace and justice by the practice of Christian love in all his personal relationships. Before God, am I honest enough to confess my pride and put away my reluctance to accept other people—however different from myself—as creatures of God in the bonds of brotherhood? Can I accord them ungrudgingly all the rights

and privileges I expect for myself? Among my fellow church members am I concerned enough to challenge the comfortable complacency that confuses the status quo in society with the will of God for mankind? In the uniform of my country do I dare to question the basic morality (and even the political feasibility) of continuing the mad race in nuclear armaments? Am I willing to demonstrate the redemptive power of love by giving myself totally to a venture of "massive reconciliation" in the name of the Prince of Peace?

These are hard questions. But religious questions, properly focused, are always hard because they penetrate to ultimate issues. Dynamic faith and effective witness cannot flourish where men ask only questions of technique and think of God in trivial terms. There is no simple "how-to-do-it course" for Christianity because God asks us to deal honestly with the naked self. When we begin to ask the right questions, and when we are willing to wrestle with answers that never come easily, then God may speak to us in forgiveness and renewal. Perhaps we really should allow *him* to take the inventory, to discard the superficial, and to direct the work of restoration. Then we may expect a year of spiritual growth. ■ ■

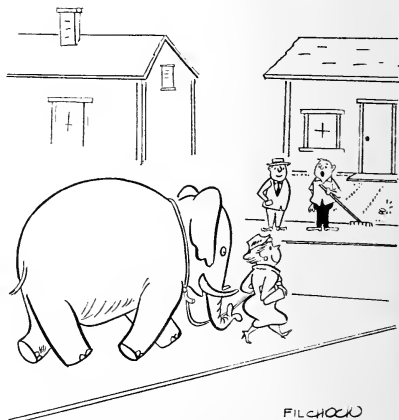
### PHOTO CREDITS

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## Our Son Invades The Navy

**M**y iron's too far from the ironing board;  
 The toaster refuses to pop up;  
 Whenever I use the washing machine,  
 There's a puddle of water to mop up.  
 The dishwasher leaks;  
 The electric clock squeaks;  
 I wonder each day what will crop up.

There's no one at home when fuses are blown;  
 The pictures on TV are wavy;  
 The pressure cooker has joined the foray  
 And disintegrates meats into gravy.  
 The vacuum can't pick up  
 All the dust with a hiccup;  
 Our son took his gifts to the Navy!  
 —Kay Cammer



"Here comes the wife now—back from one of those white elephant sales."

# The Men of Extinction

By John G. Lambrides

WITH the help of alcohol, holiday weekends set an ever-increasing record of fatalities so that more than 40,000 persons are killed in traffic accidents each year. Each year also a quarter of a million persons lengthen the staggering column of alcoholics. If the more than five million "alcos" were lined up a pace apart they would form a column from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Washington to San Francisco.

Unfortunately the beer barons have gloved the baseball franchises of bat, ball, and barrel. More and more sport programs on radio and television are by benefit of the beer business. Beer and sports make strange bedfellows. Take just one example.

One afternoon while "Hack" Wilson was being interviewed by a sportscaster he was asked why he had not exceeded Babe Ruth's old record of sixty home runs, when Ruth had predicted that "Hack" would do so. The big man replied that the year he hit fifty-six home runs his success went to his head and he went on to "hit the bottle" instead of the ball. The following year his home run total was not much larger than the size of his shoes, so he skidded out of the majors into the minors. This unrehearsed testimony was embarrassing to the sponsors and the subject was dropped like a fly ball.

Alcohol and gasoline do not mix, nor is alcohol an elixir for athletes. It is a way out, not a way up. If there is a Tombstone Territory for baseball, its grave markers should be in the shape of a beer can with the inscription: *Here lies the bier of baseball.* Wise old Solomon wrote in the Old Testament: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whoever is led astray by it is not wise (Prov. 20:1).

Hooch and hops may make men see stars, but they do not make stars. ■ ■

**THEY ARE SCARCE.** In a small restaurant in Texas, a traveler ordered two fried eggs and was surprised that he was charged a dollar apiece for them. He asked the proprietor, "Are eggs scarce around here?" "No," replied the owner, "but tourists are."

# CHRISTMAS FOR CHRIST



There are many ways to keep Christmas for Christ: Consecrate your life to him. Worship him. Do good to others in his name. Give Christ first place in your heart. Here are some suggestions of activities that magnify Christ and his Spirit at Christmas which have come to us in the mail. We pass them on to you.

## UNTO YOU . . . A SAVIOUR

An expected rise in Bible reading in homes, stimulated in part by the Supreme Court decision which limits such reading in public schools, may result in a record number of families participating in the Nationwide Reading of the Christmas Message on Christmas Eve, being sponsored

for the fifth successive year by the American Bible Society.

A small booklet entitled "Unto You . . . a Saviour" has been prepared by the American Bible Society for the Christmas Eve reading. It contains the story of the Nativity from Luke 1:5 through Luke 2:40. The booklet is priced at 3 cents. Orders should be sent to: American Bible Society, 450 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

A new Spanish Christmas Selection is available for 2 cents. The Society also distributes a Christmas Portion in Braille (Grade 2).

## THE LITTLE BIBLE

During the World's Fair at Brussels in 1958, thousands of copies of a Little Bible were handed out. Now the Rev. Louis A. Gardner, 1520 Eleventh Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., is planning to distribute, if possible, as many as five million of these Little Bibles at the New York World's Fair. The Little Bible is tiny, 1 3/4 inches by 2 inches. It contains selections from every book of the Bible and is 62 pages. It comes in three colors—white, red and black. Interested persons who donate \$1.00 to the distribution of the Little Bible at the New York World's Fair will receive three copies of this small book.

Thirty-five million persons are expected to attend the World's Fair and Mr. Gardner believes the gift of the Little Bible will be a significant missionary venture.

At the time of this writing, Mr. Gardner is a patient at the VA Hospital, Minneapolis 17, Minn.



### UNICEF CALENDAR . . . CHRISTMAS CARDS

A beautiful 1964 calendar, handsomely bound in a plastic ring binder, offering a full page for each week, and presenting fifty-two colorful works of art (full-color reproductions of famous artists' design for UNICEF greeting cards), is available at \$2.00. Order from the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, P.O. Box 22, Church Street Station, New York 8, N.Y.

When you buy one of these you help some needy child somewhere in the world. Ask for information also about UNICEF's beautiful Christmas cards available at nominal prices.

Proceeds from the sale of calendars and Christmas cards will be used by UNICEF to aid over 500 programs for needy children in 116 countries.

### LIT-LIT CHRISTMAS CARDS

The World Literacy and Christian Literature Committee (Lit-Lit), 475 Riverside Drive, Room 670, New York 27, N.Y. also sells Christmas cards to aid its work. A contest is conducted to discover the finest art pieces from all over the world to cover the cards. One of the winners this year was Muthiah Sivanesan who drew "The Madonna of Joy." He lives in India. Another winner was Gallardo Arabejo of the Philippines.

Cards may be purchased in quantities of fifty for five dollars, plus fifty cents for postage and handling.

Nobody does a greater job of caring for the needy at Christmas-time than the Salvation Army so here's a suggestion:

## Share With Others



## GIVE TO The Salvation Army

## Let Us Pray

Merciful Father, our hearts overflow with gratitude as we remember the birth of thy Son Jesus for in his incarnation thou didst come down into our world to redeem us. We rejoice that Christ took upon himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. We pray, Father, that the Holy Child of Bethlehem will make himself known to us. May his Spirit come into our hearts. "Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us today."

Like the Wise Men of old, help us, our Father, to follow the Star of Bethlehem. And like them may we offer unto Jesus our gifts of self, of time, of talent, of money, of reverent devotion.

Like the angels may we sing glory to God in the highest. And like the shepherds may we tell others of that sweet story of old.

Almighty God, enable us to make room for Christ in our hearts. We pray in his holy name. *Amen.*

God of the Days and Years, we bow before thee on the threshold of the new year. Too often last year we soiled the pages of life. Purge us therefore from sin, from impure thoughts, from self-centeredness, from being too easy on ourselves and too hard on others, from wasted hours. Help us to write well

on the pages of this new year. May we not count the hours but may we make the hours count. Help us thus to redeem the time, to buy up the opportunities, not to waste time or kill it but use it wisely and well.

As we face the new year, give us new vision, new goals, new determination, new courage; above all, give us new hearts. Recreate us in the image of thy dear Son, our Lord. Make us a new kind of man and grant us a new type of life—a life of grace and goodness. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, awaken us out of our sleep. Stimulate us to see life as high adventure—every day. Give us the grace and the strength to say yes to God; to say "I'll grow"; to say, "Use me, O Lord, use me." Around us men are making much of the adventures in outer space; may we all find adventure in inner space, in spiritual growth, in fellowship with thee and fellowship with others. Grant us the spiritual discipline that says no to sin and laziness and ease and self-satisfaction. May we go along with thee in the days ahead in spiritual growth, in prayer, in doing good to others. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, *Amen.*

# BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

## Need for Hymnals

We have the following letter from John A. Moore, Ruschlikon-Zurich, Switzerland, Director, European Baptist Press Service:

The Rev. Alexander Birvis is beginning undenominational weekly worship services in English in the Baptist Church of Belgrade (Bulevar, Revolucije 264) for tourists and English-speaking residents in the Yugoslav capital. He wonders whether about 30 hymnals and perhaps a pulpit Bible, used or new, might be available from some military post chapel or elsewhere. The provision of this need would, I think, be a worthy project for some group.

## Observers at the Second Vatican Council

The World Council of Churches has appointed four official observers to audit the Second Vatican Council. They are Dr. Nikos A. Nissiotis, Greek Orthodox; the Rt. Rev. John Sadiq, Anglican; Professor Masatoshi Doi, United Church of Japan; and Dr. Lukas Vischer, Reformed.

The Central Committee of WCC welcomed the new opening up of relationships between Roman Catholics and other Christians but stated: "This does not mean that the great issues of faith and order upon which we are divided have been settled or are on the way to settlement. On the contrary, they remain realities which must be faced."

There are now 209 full members and three associate members of the World Council of Churches.

## Cuban Refugees in the U.S.A.

By March of this year, Cuban refugees in the U.S. totaled 161,941. Of these, 13,103 Protestants asked for church aid and 109,968 Catholics. By May most Protestants had been resettled but there re-

S/Sgt Al Braley and S/Sgt Jim Newton work on one of the scripts for "Gospel Music Time," a 30-minute weekly program sponsored by the Marine Air Reserve Training Detachment of Andrews AFB, Md. Program is aired on Sunday mornings at a station in southern Maryland.



mained a backlog of 75,000 Roman Catholics to be aided. Church World Service reached an agreement with Catholic Relief Services to assist in their replacement with the understanding there would be no proselitization.—*Dateline.*

### Aid for Stricken Skopje

In September, the Yugoslav Red Cross officially thanked the American Protestant Churches for their prompt relief when the population of Skopje was stricken by an earthquake last July 26. The President of the Yugoslav Red Cross wrote:

We are deeply touched by your efficient and enormous aid which came in the right time and is still coming for relief of the consequences of the disastrous earthquake in Skopje.

### Navymen Give Their Blood

In June a Las Animas, Colo., mother of nine who underwent surgery for cancer received 25 pints of blood from volunteer Navymen

at the Fleet Training Center in San Diego, Calif., and crew members of the USS *Halsey*.

### Young Baptists Visit Holy Land

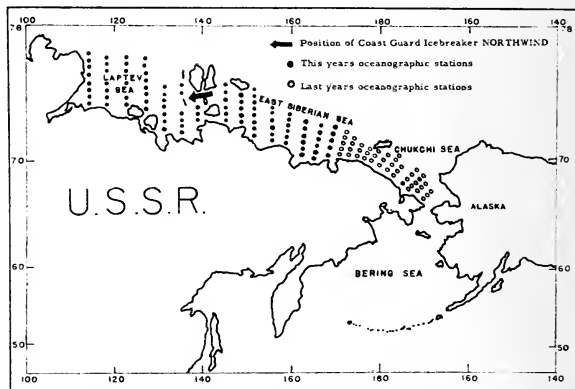
About 2,600 young Baptists from 70 countries toured Israel in the latter part of July, comprising the largest group of Christian pilgrims ever to visit Israel. The tour was part of a Holy Land Pilgrimage organized in connection with the Sixth Baptist Youth World Conference held in Beirut, Lebanon.—*Land of the Bible Newsletter.*

### General Clark PMOC Speaker

The *Protestant Parish Reporter* of Naha Air Base, Okinawa reports:

Major General Albert P. Clark, Commander of the 313th Air Division, was guest speaker at the September meeting of the Naha PMOC. This is the first anniversary of the Naha PMOC; it was organized in September, 1962, under the leadership of Chaplain, Capt, Paul G. Mathre.

U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker *Northwind* smashed from Sannikova Passage into Laptev Sea bordering Arctic coast of Siberia to plot oceanographic stations. *Northwind* and U.S. Navy icebreaker *Staten Island* will measure thickness of earth's crust in Arctic.







Junior group at VBS at Fort McClellan, Ala., which was taught by Mrs. C. A. Stotsenburg, Capt. Donald Neville, and PFC James Griffin. Group collected items for Korea as a part of their study.

### Life After Birth

In a recent address to churchmen, Dr. Kenneth Maxwell, of the NCC's Department of International Affairs, said:

In an earlier age or another setting you might have expected a representative of religion to speak about life after death. . . . But here and now I speak of our common concern for the more than half of humanity who are interested not so immediately in whether there is life after death as whether there can be life after birth. Most people in the human race "exist" rather than "live" because they suffer from hunger, disease, inadequate housing and clothing, and illiteracy.

### Former President of CE Dies

Dr. Earle W. Gates, a past president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, and pastor of the First Church of Evans, Derby, New York, died on August 1 after suffering a stroke on July 22.

### Soviet Tactics

The Chapel Chimes, McChord Air Force Base, reports:

The Soviet Zone Government struck a severe blow against the Evangelical Union Church of Germany by barring West German delegates from entering East Berlin to attend the group's biennial Synod. Communist police turned away delegates from the West German Union churches of the Rhineland and Westphalia when they appeared at the East Berlin border checkpoint. Church officials were told by the Red police that they were barred from East Berlin only for the duration of the Synod sessions.

### Religious Exhibits at New York World's Fair

In the heart of the International and Industrial Areas of the New York 1964-1965 World's Fair more than seven acres have been assigned to date (August, 1963), on a rent-free basis, for religious exhibits.

# The Link Calendar

- Dec. 1. First Sunday in Advent. Advent is the period of preparation for Christmas, the four weeks preceding this great Christian festival.
- Dec. 1-24. Christmas markets: Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Germany.
- Dec. 1-5. National 4-H Congress. Climax of year's 4-H programs.
- Dec. 1-8. Universal Bible Week. Emphasis on the Bible's place in community life.
- Dec. 2. 19th Annual Christmas Parade, Hot Springs, Ark.
- Dec. 4-7. Golf Tournament, Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico.
- Dec. 6-7. Band, Choral Festival, Stillwater, Okla, 22nd Annual.
- Dec. 6-13. Mariner's Week. Parades, ceremonies. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
- Dec. 8. Second Sunday in Advent. Also Universal Bible Sunday.
- Dec. 8-14. Human Rights Week.
- Dec. 10. Human Rights Day. Also Nobel Prize Ceremonies, Stockholm, Sweden.
- Dec. 10-12. National Council, Protestant Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Conn.
- Dec. 14. Jr. College Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Calif.
- Dec. 15. Third Sunday in Advent. Also Bill of Rights Day. Bill of Rights ratified on this day in 1791. Also "Nuts" Fair in Bastogne, Belgium.
- Dec. 16-24. Las Posadas, candlelighting procession throughout Mexico.
- Dec. 17. Airplane's 60th Birthday, Kittyhawk, N.C.
- Dec. 19-25. Old-style Christmas, Williamsburg, Va.
- Dec. 22. Fourth Sunday in Advent. Winter begins at 9:02 A.M. Also on this day Singing Under the Stars, Rapperswill, Switzerland.
- Dec. 23-31. The Christmas Pageant of Peace, Washington, D.C.
- Dec. 24. Christmas Eve Pageant and Carol Singing Program, Hot Springs, Ark.
- Dec. 25. Christmas Day.
- Dec. 28. Shrine East-West Football Game, San Francisco, Calif.
- Dec. 30. Total Eclipse of the Moon. The beginning visible in North America, the northwestern part of South America, the northwestern part of the Atlantic Ocean, Oceania, eastern Australia, northeast Asia, and the arctic regions; the end visible in North America, except the east coast, the Pacific Ocean, except the southeastern part, Oceania, Australia, Asia except the southwestern part, the eastern part of the Indian Ocean, the northeastern part of Europe, and the arctic regions.
- Dec. 31. New Year's Eve. Many churches have religious Watchnight Services. In Funchal, Madeira, and Pikes Peak, Colo., famous fireworks displays may be seen.

# Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion.

## 1. The Meaning of "Grace" (Page 14)

*Bible Material:* Galatians 3:1-29

In what ways have you heard the word "grace" used and with what meanings? Consider also the use of "disgrace." What evidence is there of the presence in the world of a power we may call "grace"? How are "grace" and "forgiveness" related? How are the sacraments and "grace" related?

## 2. Making Your Use of the Bible Count (page 24)

*Bible Material:* 2 Timothy 3:16; Hebrews 4:12

What do these suggested verses have to say about the Bible? What evidence do you find for yourself that the Bible is trustworthy? How do you account for the fact that the Bible inspires every loyal, reverent reader? Suggest ways we can use the Bible to make it more meaningful.

## 3. The People of God (page 30)

*Bible Material:* Mark 1:16-20

Does God "call" every human being or are some persons called and others ignored? What are the difficulties (1) to have all worship and no service? (2) to have all service and no worship? Why do we need both? To what other tasks does God call us?

## 4. The Joy of Christmas (page 42)

*Bible Material:* Luke 2:1-20

Why is Christmas a time of joy? How is Christianity different from all other religions? What is meant by "incarnation"? What is the good news which is proclaimed by Christmas?

## 5. Spiritual Inventory (page 51)

*Bible Material:* Luke 5:33-39; Philippians 4:8

Is there any value in taking personal inventory on your spiritual life at the beginning of the New Year? Do New Year's resolutions do any good? What is new about Christianity? Make suggestions on how we may grow spiritually during the next year.

## Books Are Friendly Things

**The New World** by Winston S. Churchill. Bantam Books, Inc., 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. 1963. \$1.25.

This is Volume II in Sir Winston Churchill's *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. Two turbulent centuries of English history are brought to life vividly. The *New York Times* points out that the book is "witty, vigorous, ironical. . ."

**The International Lesson Annual** by Horace R. Weaver, editor. Abingdon Press, 201-8th Ave., S., Nashville 3, Tenn. 1963. \$2.95.

There are many lesson annuals to help the teacher of Uniform Lessons. This is one of the best. On each lesson throughout the year the teacher is given the following helps: Audio-Visual Resources, Exploring the Bible, Looking at the Lesson Today, Teaching the Lesson in Class and Daily Bible Readings.

**The Battle for Guadalcanal** by Samuel B. Griffith, II. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1963. \$4.95.

The battle for Guadalcanal began August 7, 1942, and for the next six months American marines, sailors, soldiers, and airmen slugged it out with the fanatically determined Japanese. The Americans eventually triumphed and the Japanese army was checked. After this, the Japanese could only hope that ultimate defeat would not be totally disastrous. Brigadier General Samuel B. Griffith, II, U.S.M.C., Ret., was a vital part of the battle but nevertheless is able to write of it with the cool, objective, dispassionate detachment of a topflight historian. Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz writes: "I congratulate Samuel B. Griffith on having done an outstanding job."

**The Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest** by Ruth and Edward Brecher, Arthur Herzong, Walter Goodman, Gerald Walker and the Editors of Consumers Reports. Consumers Union, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 1963. \$1.50.

For the past ten years evidence has been accumulating that cigarette smoking is a major health hazard, the primary cause of lung cancer. This disease was rare when cigarette smoking first became popular; but last year there were 40,000 deaths from lung cancer—about the same as the number of deaths from automobile accidents. When you remember that one million children now of school age may die prematurely of lung cancer this report should be read by every American—for the cause of lung cancer is now known and if we suppress the facts we do so to our own detriment.

**Christmas. An American Annual.** Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. 5th St., Minneapolis, Minn. (55415). A beautiful book. Gift edition: \$1.50.

**Tarbell's Teachers' Guide.** 1964. Revell, Westwood, N.J. \$2.95.

## *Sound Off!* (Continued from page 4)

### **The WACs Like The Link**

The practice of offering a current LINK to the new WAC recruits at the chaplain's interview was recently inaugurated. The magazine has been very well received. After a recent service one girl came with the question, "Are the LINKS all gone?" To avoid this, we would like to order an additional 150 copies per month. Thank you for the excellent tool you are providing.

—Chaplain (Major) James W. Miller, WAC Chaplain, U.S. Women's Army Corps Center, Fort McClellan, Ala.

### **Good Reports on THE LINK from The Salvation Army**

We are happy to enclose our check in the amount of \$62.50 to cover the cost of 25 subscriptions to THE LINK magazine.

We have had good reports from our directors on this splendid publication, and while the servicemen visiting our clubs throughout the country and overseas do have the benefit of seeing this magazine on military bases, yet there are many who have indicated their pleasure at being able to read it during their visits to the USO club.

—Milton I. McMahon, Lt. Col., The Salvation Army, 120-130 West 14th St., New York 11, New York.

### **Need for Free Copies**

I am a Navy chaplain serving a group of San Diego based Destroyers. As such I have no funds with which to purchase devotional material which I feel is much needed in the ships of my parish.

In view of this I would very much appreciate receiving one hundred (100) copies of THE LINK on a monthly basis if possible or any lesser amount which could be sent me.

—Lt. Charles F. Stolzenbach, CHC, USNR, Commander Destroyer Squadron One, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

*(Can you land-based chapels donate funds so we may honor requests like this? Somehow the printer always charges us; but we do know of many cases where military personnel need THE LINK but are without funds to pay.*

—THE EDITOR)

### **We Are Grateful**

On behalf of all hands drilling at the U.S. Naval and Marine Corps Reserve Training Center, Wilmington, Del., I wish to thank you kindly for the gratis materials you sent us recently for our tract rack. This sort of assistance enables us to carry on a full chaplain's program with the limited means at our disposal.

—Lt Richard A. Wukasz, CHC, USN, Fourth Naval District, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve Training Center, 3920 Kirkwood Hy., Wilmington 8, Del.

# At Ease!



“He dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house.”

Noah, after the flood subsided, opened the doors of the Ark and released the animals. All living things rushed to freedom, except two snakes who lingered in a corner. “Why don’t you go forth and multiply?” asked Noah in a stern voice. “We can’t,” moaned one. “We’re adders!”—Jim Kelly in *Quote*.

A ninth-grader “flooded” telephone folks recently with this portion of an essay entered in a contest. The youngster wrote: “The telephone is very necessary in cases of

emergency. For example, if your house is on fire, you can use the telephone to call the insurance company.”—*School Activities*.

A visitor with “advanced” ideas once chided Andrew Carnegie for having so much money, and proposed that he divide it. Calling his secretary, Carnegie asked for a statement of his holdings, and the population of the world. Receiving the facts, he figured for a moment, then turned to his secretary and said curtly, “Give this man sixteen cents. That’s his share of my wealth!”—*Friendly Chat*.

A Texas lad rushed home from kindergarten and insisted his mother buy him a set of pistols, holsters, and gun belt.

“Why, whatever for, dear?” mother asked. “You’re not going to tell me you need them for school?” “Yes, I do,” he asserted. “Teacher said tomorrow she’s going to teach us to draw.”—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A youngster received a red wagon for Christmas and for days he went nowhere without it. But one afternoon he was happily rolling it along the front sidewalk when his father called, “Take that wagon in back and play with it. Remember, it’s Sunday!”

The boy started to obey, then turned around and with a puzzled look asked, “Isn’t it Sunday in the backyard, too?”—*Wit and Humor*.

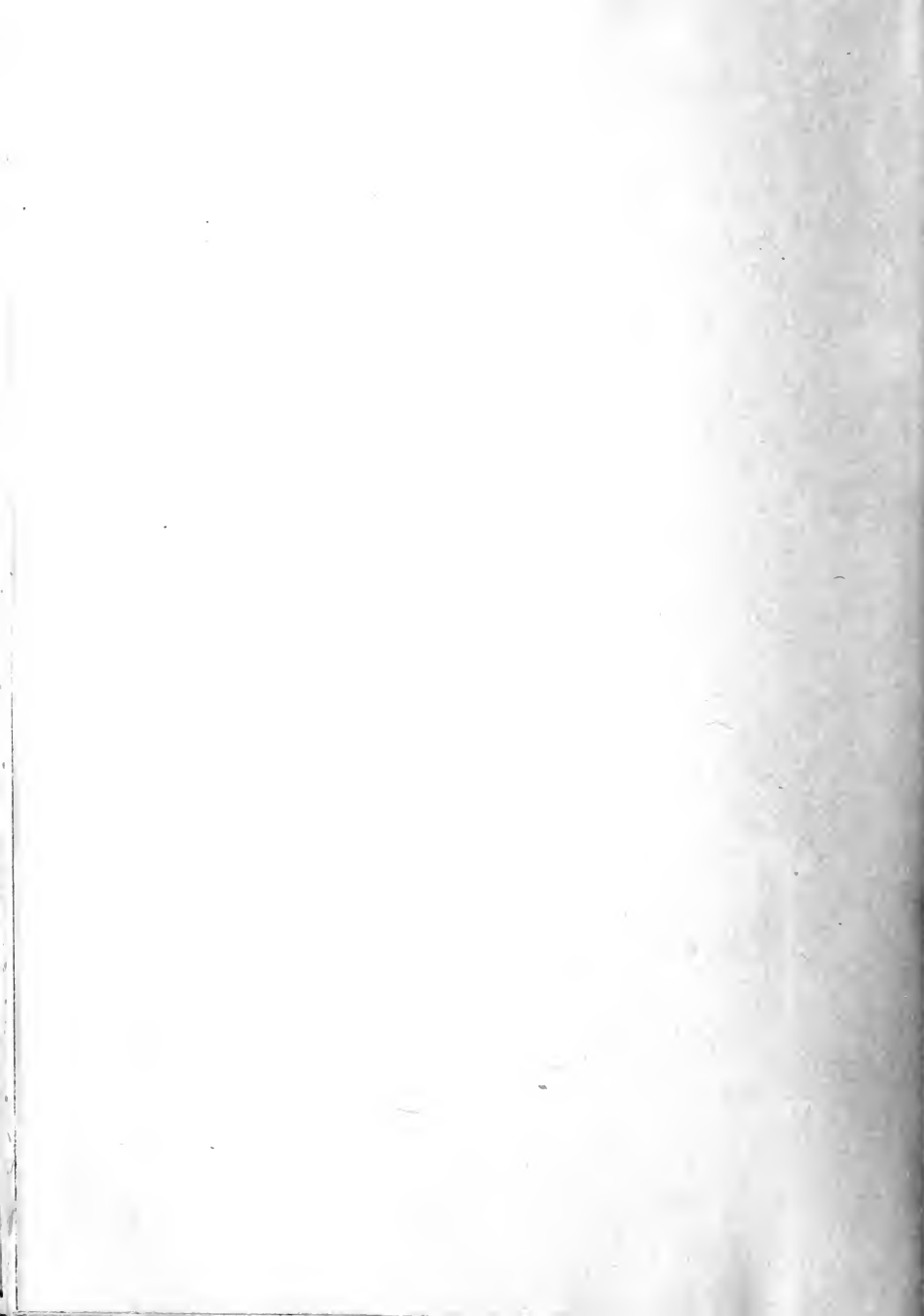
The road to success is always under construction.—*ACL News*.











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